TWOPENCE
Vol. LX.
1570.

BREACH OF PROMISE BLACKMAIL (SEE PAGES 20 & 21)

JOHN BULL

COOLNESS
the secret of
summer
contentment

and of a good tobacco

LLOYD'S
BONDMAN *is always* *COOL and FRESH*

- BONDMAN *RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA* 1½d. *per oz.*
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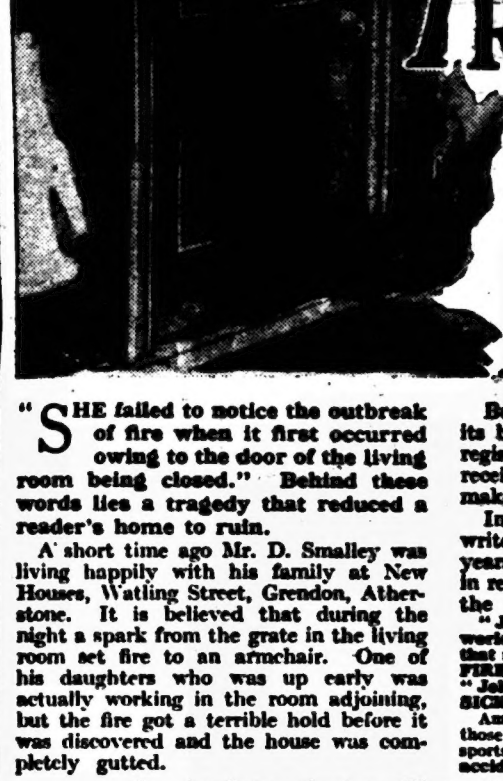

TRAGEDY behind Closed DOOR

"SHE failed to notice the outbreak of fire when it first occurred owing to the door of the living room being closed." Behind these words lies a tragedy that reduced a reader's home to ruin.

A short time ago Mr. D. Smalley was living happily with his family at New Houses, Watling Street, Grendon, Atherstone. It is believed that during the night a spark from the grate in the living room set fire to an armchair. One of his daughters who was up early was actually working in the room adjoining, but the fire got a terrible hold before it was discovered and the house was completely gutted.

But even a calamity like this can have its brighter side. As Mr. Smalley was a registered reader of "John Bull" he received a prompt cheque for £110 to make good his losses.

In acknowledging the cheque, he writes: "We have been readers for 25 years and have always found pleasure in reading its pages and have now proved the value of registering."

"John Bull" is the ONLY paper in the world to safeguard these precious possessions that mean "home" to you against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST. "John Bull" is also the ONLY paper to pay SICKNESS Benefit.

Among the numerous other benefits provided are those for accidents in the home and garden, on the sports field, whilst boating and bathing, children's accidents, loss by Burglary, etc.

Sign for Safety To-day—Fill up the Forms below at once.

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To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 18/7/36

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Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

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Name and Address of Newsagent.....

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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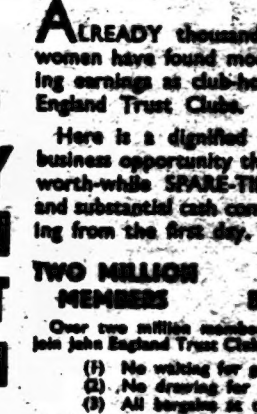

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Turn to Page 26. Cut out and save the Coupon!

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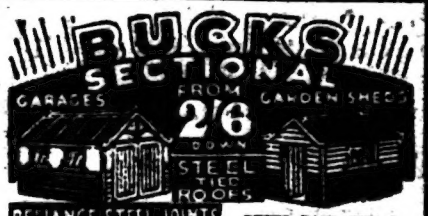

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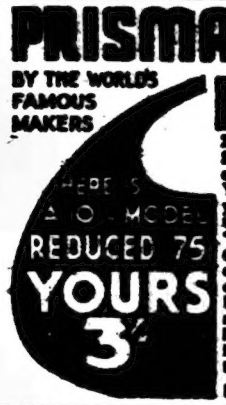

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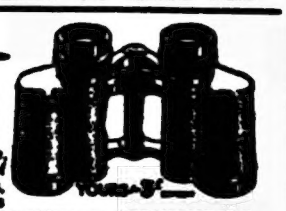

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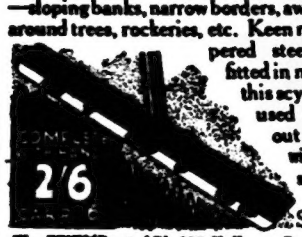

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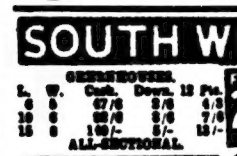

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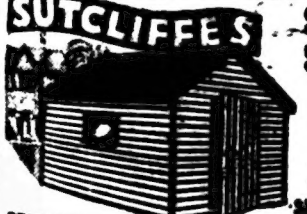

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WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Abolish the Workhouse!

IT SHAMES the NATION

GOOD-BYE TO FREEDOM—
yet their only "offence" is poverty

SIXTY years ago this month passionate appeals were being made in the House of Commons to break up the poor law system by purging it of the workhouse scandal.

The public conscience was becoming troubled by the brimstone and treacle dietary and by reports that the respectable poor and aged were suffering worse degradation in these places than the vilest criminals in penal establishments.

A few days ago the Ministry of Health marked the anniversary by announcing with a whoop that in those sixty years the population of the workhouses and poorhouses has just fallen to the lowest figure on record. Now, says the Ministry, there are only 180,295 persons—excluding casuals and mental cases—resident in the workhouses.

Not the slightest suggestion is made that the need for the complete abolition of the workhouse system is long overdue. Instead, it is clearly the official view that it should be perpetuated and even extended.

To this John Bull says No. Public opinion will be with us. We assert that the need has become overpowering for the workhouses of Britain—not some, but all of them, to be pulled down—and the obsolete system they represent swept away.

☆ ★ ☆

Last year more than £8,000,000 of public money was spent on the upkeep of these dismal and degrading institutions. Fully £5,000,000 of that sum would be saved to the ratepayers if different and better accommodation was provided by other means for the inmates. Practically all the workhouses are on land which has swollen enormously in cost since they were built, and the vast capital value of the sites would also be released.

Moreover, it costs more than twice as much to-day to keep a person in a workhouse than it would to provide him or her with outdoor relief on the highest scale.

The financial arguments, it will be seen, are strong enough to justify all-round demolition, but they are really only secondary.

The workhouse and everything within its walls is to-day still as much anathema, except to the very dregs of the population, as it was sixty years ago. Hundreds of cases are reported from the courts every year of people who deliberately commit crime so that they may spend a period in prison rather than in the poor law institution. It is still the supreme dread of the poor because they know that, once it claims them, it will break down what little independence of character they have left.

The reform of the workhouse system which is claimed to have been achieved since the abolition of the guardians' control six years ago is in reality only pretence and camouflage. All that it amounts to is that the name workhouse has been changed to public assistance institution, an allowance of twopence worth of tobacco is made to the men inmates and a pennyworth of sweets to the women, fancy needlework is provided for the latter, and a ration of beer is served out on Christmas Day.

The style and spirit of the workhouses have remained unchanged. They are still the old and straggling premises—in some the beds are more than a century old—hideous in their bareness, with young and old, innocent and hardened under the one roof.

Their gloomy and depressing atmosphere, their dark, dismal stone-flagged corridors, their badly ventilated rooms like naked cells are the living relic of a time when poverty was a crime. Nine out of ten are seriously overcrowded.

Sixteen years have passed since some people, aged from fifty to eighty-eight, were moved to the second floor of a 120-year-old workhouse in the Midlands. For 6,000 days these old folk have lived on that second floor. They are never brought down and have not seen a blade of grass since they went up there.

The building was condemned thirty years ago, but the local authority has only just decided to erect another. And, as the work will not be started for four years, the old people will have to spend a further 1,500 days in the seclusion of the second floor—unless death brings them a change of residence.

Recently, two sisters in Sussex, aged sixty and sixty-one, who are stone deaf and dumb and who had lived in each other's companionship since they were children, were compelled to seek admission to the workhouse. They have been placed in institutions twenty miles apart!

Of course, the system is not so inhumane that workhouse inmates are not occasionally allowed a few hours' leave from the institutions. But when they return they are searched to see that no kind-hearted person has given them any money.

The spirit of the workhouses, it will be seen from these examples of administration, is as it was when dismay entered the heart of Charles Dickens. The one attribute still common to all workhouse inmates which can be and is appreciated by those in authority over them, is ready and unhesitating obedience, passing into servility. They are satisfied if the floors are washed, the steps are pipe-clayed and the regiments of record books are in order for the inspector.

Worst of all, it is that one and the same workhouse is a home for imbeciles, an almshouse for the respectable poor, a refuge for deserted children, a lying-in hospital for dissolute women, a winter resort for the ill-behaved casual labourer or summer beggar, a lodging for tramps and vagrants, as well as a hospital for the sick. The promiscuity in the place is awful.

☆ ★ ☆

The solution for it all is very simple.

First, the workhouse population can be cut at once in half if everywhere, as is being done in London, Glasgow and Cardiff, small cottage homes at a rent of not more than half-a-crown per week are built under the housing schemes for the aged poor.

Five-sixths of the inmates who then remained would be the sick and infirm. The proper place for them is, of course, decent hospitals.

The remainder—except the social scum for whom easy provision could be made—would then be found to be people like deserted wives and their children. They, above all, should never be in the workhouses. It would be cheaper for the ratepayers, and the women and children would be physically and morally better off, if they were provided with relief in their own homes.

Every workhouse, until it is pulled down, is a mark of shame on the face of the nation.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Another Little £30,000,000 on Your Back

WE hope you won't miss the extra nineteen million pounds which you will have to find for the fighting Services this year.

Whether you miss it or not, of course, the money must be paid. Even though the Supplementary Estimates just issued for this amount bring the year's armaments burden to £187,870,000, you will have to grin and bear it.

It is the price we have to pay for the failure of statesmen—ours and others—to carry out the will of the people—which is for Peace, not War.

More to come

There is yet another burden going to be piled on your back by Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Oswald Pirow.

Mr. Pirow is South Africa's Minister of Defence, and he recently came to London for a heart-to-heart talk with Sir Samuel Hoare. He told Sir Samuel that South Africa is naturally very worried about the international situation, and that it wants to improve its defences.

Sir Samuel agreed, with the result that Britain is committed to shouldering the cost of South Africa's new defences!

Great naval base

There is, for example, a grand air-and-naval base to be built near Capetown. It will be something like the great new base at Singapore, only a trifle more ambitious. And the cost will be anything up to £30,000,000.

In addition, a big depot for mechanised warfare will be erected somewhere in South Africa, though the plans for this are not yet settled. There are also to be factories capable of producing light artillery, tanks, machine guns, mechanised transport and ammunition.

So, though the extra bill for the British taxpayer will certainly be some thirty million pounds, it will probably be a good deal more.

Bigger Navy

This is all in line with Sir Samuel's intentions to expand the Navy tremendously and dynamically.

"We are an imperial and oceanic rather than a Continental Power," he announced soon after returning to office.

Sir Samuel, you see, feels that the route round the Cape to India, Australia and the Far East must grow more important again in the future. The threat of war in the Mediterranean with Mussolini diverted much of our seaborne trade from the Suez Canal route lately.

Add to all this the fact that the Suez Canal concession has only about twenty more years to run before it reverts to the Egyptian Government, and you must admit that—according to his own lights—Sir Samuel is a long-sighted sort of chap.

Long purse wanted

But this sort of long-sight obviously demands a long purse from the British taxpayer, who may be forgiven for hoping Sir Samuel may soon develop different powers of vision.

And he may hope also that it will soon be found possible for the costs of Imperial defence to be shared more evenly, so that by far the greater part of the burden will no longer be piled upon his shoulders.

Derby winner

Since our rulers are so fond of giving the taxpayer a shock, it is only fair they should sometimes be shocked themselves.

The Derby by-election result has given them a bad fright, and we predict that it will be a long time before they recover from it.

For even when the exceptional circumstances of the election are taken into account, Mr. Noel-Baker's victory is a smashing blow for the Government and reflects the nation's disgust with our muddled foreign policy.

Lady with the White Feather

That Old Red Bogy Exploded

But why pile it all on the British taxpayers' shoulders?

White feather

Sybil Lady Eden, mother of the Foreign Secretary, makes another "white feather" recruiting speech. She appeals to mothers to make their sons join the Army and "not to be sloppy about it." She thinks that "among the younger men who are workless idleness is encouraged."

Can you imagine anything more sloppy than the idea that the Means Test encourages laziness?

Calling their bluff

John Marchbank, railwaymen's leader, aims a shrewd blow at the "United Front" advocates. "If the Communists are honest in their desire for unity," he says, "let them separate themselves from the Communist International, accept the constitution of the Labour Party, and come in on the same terms as all other organisations."

A reasonable challenge, most people will think. But we doubt if the Communists will think so.

Bogy exploded

We're pretty sure neither they nor the diehard Tories will thank Mr. Marchbank for revealing that the membership of the Communist Party is only 7,000.

What a blow for the noble lords who try to freeze our blood by exaggerating the "Red menace"!

The next step

In nationalising the great trunk roads, Mr. Hore-Belisha takes the advice we have often impressed upon him.

The roads will be widened, their surfaces modernised, blind corners swept away. Not only motorists will benefit. Better roads mean safer roads for all.

The next step will be to bring *every* main road under national control.

Surrender

But the Government is trying to shelve the Bill for nationalising mining royalties. Big landowners, many of whom get £300,000 and more a year from coal royalties, threaten trouble unless they are paid £150,000,000 for their rights — nearly twice the real value.

So our timid rulers want to avoid the trouble by leaving the problem alone.

Illegal

To us, all-in wrestling is on a par with bull-baiting. We often wonder why it is not made as obsolete.

Now Judge Sir William Cann declares that under certain circumstances it is illegal. "If men behave like wild beasts," he adds, "these exhibitions are undoubtedly contrary to the law."

Then why don't the police take action?

Rat

Lloyd George tells you that some politicians are human rats. But have you read of a certain man of Sale, Cheshire?

A child rushes up and tells him that a six-year-old boy has fallen into a canal three and a half feet deep. "I can't swim," says the man, "go home and tell your mother." He walks on, the boy is drowned.

We wish we knew his name.

Blot on Britain

Twenty-one families live in a row of cottages at Merthyr which, says the mayor, "should be bombed out of existence." "Not fit for dogs to live in," adds the medical officer.

We agree. The houses are falling to bits; only the other day a boy was hurt by falling masonry and had to be taken to hospital. And they are so rat-infested that even clothing and furniture are gnawed.

But the occupants (including eighty-nine children) cannot be moved yet because of the Ministry of Health's delay in passing a slum clearance scheme!

Maybe the Ministry thinks Merthyr too poor to afford decent new houses.

Moral guardians

We feel sorry for a Glasgow miner named Robert Anderson.

For the past ten years he has lived happily with a woman to whom he is not married, and they have three children. Now, having been out of work for two months, he applies for public assistance.

It is promptly refused because he is leading an "immoral life"; though he has always paid his rates and taxes he and his children are condemned to starve. And, since he is getting behind in the rent for the first time, his family may soon be put into the streets.

Is it right that a public assistance authority should also be a judge of morals?

Doctors in conference

Next week the British Medical Association will be in conference. And its meeting this year will be of more than usual importance.

It is to discuss the proposals for a national maternity service for England and Wales, the maternity problem in Scotland, and the part the general practitioner can play in solving the problem.

JOHN BULL was the first to stress the need for a drastic campaign against the needless perils of motherhood, and we congratulate the Association on deciding to debate the whole question.

Lido laggards

Welcome the L.C.C.'s resolve to make London a city of pleasant lidos.

Think also of the many towns which lack a single decent bathing pool. And if you happen to live in one of them, make a protest to the solemn, short-sighted dunderheads on the town council who are supposed to represent you.

If there are few rulers willing to lead like Herbert Morrison, at least the others can be made to follow.

Disgrace

We'd also like to see a storm of protest at Scarborough. For five years the council there has been constantly warned of the filthy condition of the covered swimming baths.

Now, when the concrete bottom is covered with fungus and the woodwork too rotten to be repainted, some councillors are surprised to find the medical officer stepping over their heads and ordering the baths to be closed. But once more they are letting the matter drop.

Are Scarborough folk satisfied with such a conception of civic duty?

Reduce road deaths!

Scotland Yard does well to enlist the aid of all C.I.D. officers in reducing road accidents. But it is not enough to ask for "observations and suggestions."

We have had enough talk: what we want is action.

And a start should be made, as we said last week, by seeing that pedestrians are given the right of way at uncontrolled "safety crossings." No use making laws unless the police enforce them.

Injustice

Here is something the police should *not* do. The poster outside a London police station, offering a reward for an escaped convict's capture and giving the name and address of his mother and his associates, is too objectionable to be tolerated.

It is monstrous that humiliation should be imposed on innocent people, and we hope such a blunder will never again be made.

Rude awakening

Trust the canny Northerners to recognise a bargain when they see one. But even they may be misled.

Nearly 4,000 visitors to the Northern Command Tattoo walked out with cushions which they fondly thought they had bought for 6d. each, instead of having hired them for the evening at that price. The authorities threaten them with prosecution unless the cushions, valued at £1,000, are returned.

But we imagine there will be some difficulty in tracing the bargain-hunters.

Interference

We are glad the Scottish Bankers' Association is taking up the case of a bank clerk who has been dismissed because he wants to get married.

The Association hopes to raise a fuss in Parliament, says "it is a scandal that directors should be able to dictate the private lives of employees."

Yes, banks and other big offices have imposed this petty tyranny far too long. Time it was stopped for good!

Road scandal

It's good news that lorry drivers are likely to get a wages charter now that Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, has set up a committee of inquiry. Too many are disgracefully underpaid.

And too many are still overworked. One firm has just been fined £899 on 233 summonses for making its drivers work as much as thirteen hours a day.

But the evil is so widespread that even the stiffest of fines may not check it. The next offenders, we hope, will have their licences taken away.

SLAVE DAUGHTERS

An Indictment of the SELFISH PARENT

by

Ellen Wilkinson, M.P.

ACTS of Parliament are queer things. We pass them through both Houses with the very best of intentions . . . but no one can quite tell how they are going to work. Particularly those that deal with the home and the family, where deep human emotions come into play.

How can M.P.s do more than make a rough estimate of how human nature will react? They take the experts' advice . . . and hope for the best.

Social workers of the longest experience of life in crowded cities pleaded for the law that makes marriage for persons under twenty-one illegal unless the parents' consent is obtained or their objections are set aside by a magistrate who is convinced that consent is being unreasonably withheld.

Long lists of carefully investigated cases were produced showing how boys were trapped into marriage by unscrupulous older women, and girls married for exploitation of the worst description.

"Little married slaves," they were called in the headlines of the time. The Act of protection was duly passed, and now the police courts have to deal with the other side of the problem. The necessity of getting parental permission, or the dread of having to go to a magistrate, is held as a whip over young daughters whose work is profitable to the home.

Cases of callous parents heartlessly exploiting their children in domestic work are far more frequent than is generally supposed

We hear much about selfish and callous children these days. The case book of a police court missioner of my acquaintance shows how callous parents deliberately exploit their children.

Mary, a power machinist, is a piece-worker who can make £3 a week and more in rush time. Her mother is a semi-invalid, her father a brute. There are five other children. Mary is only nineteen, but the children have to be cared for somehow. She washes them, puts them to bed, and tidies up the house when she gets home from the factory.

ALL her earnings except a little spending money are given to her mother. The father keeps what little he earns for himself. Mary put up with it as a matter of course, until one night her father caught her kissing good-night to her "boy."

Full, as he declared, of moral indignation, actually of fear that he would lose Mary's money and help, he beat her. Something happened to Mary. She told George she would marry him. The father used the whip the law had given him. He would not consent.

Mary went to the magistrate. Her father pleaded that her "morals" were such that she was not fit to marry. Such a clean, well-shaved, plausible father he was that day. The magistrate was puzzled. If Mary had not kept her head, she would have lost her case at once.

As it was, it was put back for enquiry. It was, in fact, some months before Mary won her right to marry. By then George had married someone else.

Maggie seemed much more unfortunate to the casual eye, but got out of her slavery more quickly. She was working in a laundry, earning 35s. in a good week. A drunken father and stepmother were waiting when she left work on pay-day.

They took all her wages, and there was not much left for food for the rest of the week. They were not personally unkind . . . simply selfish and irresponsible. Maggie could hardly get enough food to keep going.

The truck-driver at the laundry fell in love with her. The parents objected at once, and Maggie was advised to go to the magistrate by her forewoman. Such a slip of a child she looked to be asking permission to marry. But the forewoman, with her head screwed on the right way, soon convinced the magistrate.

It is simply incredible the amount of work that some parents demand of their daughters as of right—work they would never dream of asking of their sons.

In these days of power machinery a daughter is a valuable asset. Often she can get work when father and brothers are unemployed, and on repetition work bring in what used to be considered a "man's wage." Her highest value is between the years of eighteen and twenty-one. After then she may not be able to keep up the pace.

You would think that in any family such a girl would be entitled to all the rest and care she could get, in return for all she is giving. A son would have that. But the girl is usually expected to do housework as well.

Every welfare-worker and every forewoman knows at a glance the girls who come from homes of this type. Their vitality is drained by a desperate desire to get the highest piece-work wages, while doing the family ironing and cooking and washing when they get home.

"That girl there will be a wreck by the time she is a woman," the supervisor of a large staff said to me about an employee.

"Her mother is supposed to have a bad heart and never gets up before eleven. The father is a good, hard-working man, but he thinks it is his daughter's duty to nurse her mother and look after the house at night. She is secretly engaged to one of our young men, but when she asked her father's permission he refused even to allow her to go out to meet the young man. I tried to reason with him, but he thinks he is doing his duty. Actually, he is saving money out of her wages, and using her as an unpaid charwoman. When she is free to marry she will be worn out."

These are not sensational cases that M.P.s or social workers can make any fuss about. Slaves they are in a very real sense, but not "white slaves."

However they may be exploited, public opinion is usually against their efforts to get free. "Mollie ought to help her mother. She is the eldest, isn't she?"

IF the parents are not drunken or cruel the magistrate is inclined to give Mollie a paternal lecture about her duty to her parents and tell her she will know her own mind better if she will wait a little.

There was a wily mother who put up a plausible case to a Midlands magistrate. "I am opposing my daughter's wedding, because she has taken away her older sister's young man. It is not fair."

The magistrate's questions brought to light the fact that the younger girl, aged nineteen, kept her mother and her older sister, who refused to do any work inside or outside the house. The mother would gladly have consented to this lazy woman being taken off her hands by a man earning a good wage. She had the strongest objection to the wage-earning girl getting married.

More sinister are some cases that do not reach court, because if they come to the notice of the police a blunt word from a sergeant lets the father know that unpleasant things are likely to happen.

There was a case of a father kept in positive luxury on the earnings of three daughters on the London streets. He had convinced them that they must get money in any possible way, because the doctor had said he would die unless he had every possible comfort.

When the turn of the fourth one—a particularly pretty girl—came, a wealthy young man wanted to marry her. He could have easily bought off papa, but instead set himself to talk sense to the other three girls.

In virtuous wrath the father forbade the marriage of his youngest daughter, and turned out the young man who thus threatened the end of his easy life. The young man went to the police, and some straight words ended that opposition.

All the girls are now comfortably married; but for this chance intervention they would have been on the list of the slave daughters of an Act of Parliament that was passed with such very good intentions.

Strong, willing girls with their wages from the factory and their housework at home have become very valuable assets. Where parental love is not strong enough to prevent exploitation the temptations to get the most out of them while they are at home is very great.

MUCH of the attention of the Press and the pulpit has been centred on the girls who use their high wages to flaunt themselves on the streets in garish clothes, and free themselves from all responsibility to their family at home.

But my experience is that these girls are definitely in the minority. Family ties are still very strong, and public opinion in streets where everyone knows everyone else a very real thing.

The tragedy, as always, is that those who are most willing are the most valuable, and therefore the most likely to have their own chances of happiness sacrificed in the interest of others. As one girl said, whose father was demanding her full wages to keep the younger children, "After all, these are not my children, father. I want my own."

The SCHOOL GOES

—and 250,000 Children LIVE their Geography in "Adopted Ships"

YOU have heard of childless parents who adopt babies; of wealthy towns which have "adopted" other towns shattered by war or economic depression—but have you ever heard of schools adopting ships?

Yet that is what 450 British schools, ranging from famous public schools to back-street "elementaries" in scores of towns will be doing this year.

They will be doing so as the result of a strange and romantic experiment, which, unknown except to a handful of people, has been going on for two years between a London shipowning firm and four London schools. . . .

It was the idea of Viscount Sandon, who is the vice-chairman of Watts, Watts and Co., a firm owning a fleet of deep-seagoing cargo steamers trading all over the world. He saw, presumably, what many people have seen—that the chief problem, and the greatest failure, of most modern education is to relate education to life.

Just names

And no subject in the ordinary school curriculum illustrates that point better than geography. To British children, as an island race and dependent on the rest of the world for their very existence, it should be the most "human" of all subjects. Yet it has somehow contrived to be among the most arid.

To the average schoolchild "jography" has long been a mere collection of names—of capes and bays and headlands, rivers and oceans, capitals and continents—but just names. And when impersonally acquired, as little related to the child's daily life as other stated principles it learns about latitude and longitude, the currents of the wind, the sea, and trade.

Why not, he thought, infuse some personal and practical interest for the children into this subject—show them what it means in real life. If only those who have to *live* by and on geography—namely, ship captains, officers and crew—could be put in touch with those who have to learn about it then the children should benefit.

They would get some direct insight into the "other man's job," some direct knowledge of the countries which supply our foodstuffs and raw materials and those which buy from us. Of the sea routes there, of their peoples and the condition under which they live, and of the vital details which govern trade and the movement of ships.

"Their" ship

So the practical details of a scheme for co-operation between ships and schools was worked out, a scheme which depended on two points for its success—that it should be strictly non-political, and absolutely voluntary as between shipmasters and schoolmasters.

The first school to come into the scheme was an ordinary L.C.C. elementary school in Childeric Road, New Cross, S.E. The captain of one of the firm's tramp ships was asked if he would write a letter to the headmaster from some port of call, describing the voyage, his cargo, the ports he had visited and their peoples.

This letter was read out during geography lessons and copies of it posted up. With the teachers supervising, the boys were asked to reply with letters asking questions about any points they were interested in.

The owners, on their part, advised the school of the movements of the ship as reported by cable or from agents abroad, and when they "fixed" new voyages.

The enthusiasm of the scholars in the movements of "*their*" ship brought a new interest to classroom lessons.

From the letters they received places and peoples overseas became more real; while the history and trade of the countries visited were the things they wanted to know. Latitude and longitude, winds and currents, received a new value.

After a time the chain of correspondence grew. Officers and men joined in the exchange of letters as the questions from the boys flowed in, especially on such matters as the working of the ship.

For instance, Jackie Jones, having noticed a mention of the second officer in the captain's letter, wanted to know what the "second" does on board. And the captain handed the letter over to him saying, "Here you are, mister, *you* answer this."

Another boy, reading the captain's letter describing a voyage through the Red Sea, wanted to know whether stokers had shorter spells below in hot weather than in more temperate climes. And a stoker would be asked to reply to the boy.

In due course the whole ship's roster was placed on the school notice-board and individual letters were interchanged between the boys and the officers and men without either captain or teachers intervening. The ship became the school's ship in a very real sense of the phrase.

The results of this experiment with the first school were so successful that three other schools joined in. They were the Millbank School, the Holborn Estate School at Shepherd's Bush, and the William Ellis School at Gospel Oak. One of these is a "council" elementary school for older boys and the other two are secondary schools.

Ships were found for each. All of them were tramp vessels, so that the boys got to know, "by proxy," of a wide variety of cargoes and countries and peoples.

Immense value

For instance, in one year, the ship "adopted" by Millbank School, the s.s. *Dartford*, went out to the Mediterranean with coal from the Tyne; from there to Siam to load rice for the negro population of the West Indies; from there with sugar to Hamburg, and then back to the Tyne again to load coal for the Black Sea.

At the Black Sea ports it loaded grain for Britain. Then out again to the Gulf of Florida and the U.S. coast to load cotton and pitch pine. Back again to England and then out to Canada on time charter carrying lumber and newsprint; and then, just escaping the winter ice-floes, to load in the Gulf of St. Lawrence for the passage to India.

All the details of these many voyages were covered in letters from the captain to the boys, and the navigating and business problems of the ship were discussed as well as the economics of world trade.

But the value of these practical lessons can best be gauged by quoting some of the letters themselves. There are scores of them and all are very long, so it is impossible to give more than extracts. You will notice, however, the trouble to which these ship captains put themselves to convey interest to the boys, as well as the informative, "grown up" tone of the boys' letters.

Vivid picture

Writing to an elementary school about San Domingo, a West Indian Island to which he was sent to load sugar, the captain first described his course across the Gulf Stream, the currents he had to contend with and the weather. Then he went on:

"... We rounded the east end of the island in ten fathoms (60 feet depth) of water over coral bottom, and the water was so clear that you could see the bottom—large patches of white coral among the sand. These coral reefs, by the way, are easily seen in tropical waters in the daytime by the different colours of the waters, the ocean and deeper water being of a deep blue shade, whereas shoal water (less than ten fathoms) is a distinct greenish shade.

"I dropped anchor in six fathoms of water off the entrance to the port at 7 p.m. to await the coming of the officials. This was June 6. The harbour pilot, a full-blooded negro, came on board next day and we berthed alongside another steamer lying at the wharf. . . ."

Then follows a description of the harbour and its approaches, the difficulty in getting in because of sand bars and the business conditions he has to face, the dilapidated wharfs, etc., when loading his ship in these small republics.

He goes on: "The town of San Pedro de San Domingo is typically Spanish; houses and language are Spanish, although there are many West Indians resident in the town. Chief industries are cultivation of sugar-cane and growing of cocoa.

"There are three sugar mills near the port and the same number at Romana, a port about twenty miles to the east. I once visited a sugar mill in Barbados and I have no doubt that similar methods are used for extracting the juice from the cane in San Domingo. So perhaps a short description of what I saw in Barbados may be useful." (Then follows a most interesting description of a visit made by this tramp ship captain to a sugar factory.)

Here are graphic extracts from another letter to boys in a secondary school describing a journey up the River Plate, and giving them details which they would never otherwise learn.

Night thrill

"... We arrived in Buenos Aires Roads at midnight of January 22, and after receiving pratique the next morning, we were at the charterer's disposal awaiting orders. (After receipt of notice by wireless that the vessel has received 'pratique'—that is, officially arrived, passed medically for entrance and so on—the charterer is allowed four hours in which to declare the first loading port, and all detention after that counts as 'lay days.') We received our orders at 11 a.m. on January 25—to proceed to Santa Fé.

"This is the last important port up the River Parana for ocean-going vessels and is 312 miles from Buenos Aires . . . so we proceeded to the pilot vessel at once to pick up the river pilot to take us to Santa Fé.

"Owing to the strong current it is thirty-six to forty hours steaming up the river, and as the pilots get extra money for night navigation they are always keen to keep going at night time. On this occasion we steamed all night, but as the sun went down the ship was invaded by a swarm of mosquitoes, which made it very unpleasant for keeping a watch on the bridge.

"The man at the wheel had to be

to—SEA

***ROUND THE WORLD** in their classroom: that is how children whose schools are in this scheme regard their geography lesson, which is now taught in the modern way —by holding direct and personal correspondence with members of the crew aboard cargo boats*

sprayed with a disinfectant at short intervals to keep the mosquitoes away from him and allow him to pay proper attention to his steering. Those on board who had not provided themselves with mosquito nets had a bad night and in the morning some very swollen faces were to be seen.

"Rosario, which is ninety miles below Santa Fé, was passed at noon of the next day and it was hoped that we should make Santa Fé by midnight. But at 9 p.m. the mosquitoes were so bad that we were forced to bring the ship to anchor, and even the hardened pilot was glad to get off the bridge and under cover.

Personal letters

"We proceeded to Santa Fé at noon of the next day and on arrival there were informed that we were to load *all* our cargo there. (Instead of picking up bits on the way out again.) This was to the advantage of the ship, for we receive 1s. 3d. per ton extra on all cargo loaded above Rosario."

In other letters there are endless similar items of information ranging from how the monsoon weather affects trade, to the difference in stowage capacity between North Country and Welsh bunker coal and how that can affect voyage profits through stops having to be made to replenish bunkers.

The personal letters from individual officers and members of crews to the boys are worth a volume in themselves, but there is not space to quote from them. They have usually been written in reply to questions from the boys to whom they are sent and are full of interesting details of ship life and management.

Even the cabin boys add to this quota of correspondence. They usually write to the younger children, as it is assumed that they are nearer in years; but some of their letters, it has to be admitted, are to be classed rather as imaginative masterpieces than as serious contributions to the educational side of the scheme.

To judge from one cabin boy's letter, a perfectly normal voyage (according to the captain) to the Gulf of Mexico had been marked with a series of blood-curdling disasters ranging from typhoons and strandings to piracy and murder on the high seas—in all of which, of course, the cabin boy had played a dauntless and heroic part.

But an occasional youthful Munchausen like that does not hurt the worth of the scheme.

It is when we come to the questions which the schoolboys ask themselves that the full worth of the scheme is revealed.

A feature of these questions is the surprising interest (for young children) expressed about the conditions of life and work at sea and among foreign peoples. All of them are "sensible" and most show a penetration which would be no disgrace to an intelligent "grown-up."

Here is a selection of a dozen, taken at random, which were sent by boys *aged seven to eleven* to the captain of the s.s. *Deptford* following one of his letters:

> You mention days of fog on the Atlantic passage—how do you find your position when the sun or stars cannot be "observed"?
>
> Why from Bombay to New York *viâ* Cape of Good Hope and not *viâ* Suez Canal?
>
> How much does it cost you to enter dock and does the length of stay affect the daily "dues"?
>
> Why do you keep near the coast of Uruguay on the outward journey to the Plate and *not* on the homeward run?
>
> Stevedores seem to get better pay in New York than in London docks. Do they work longer hours? Is the cost of living more?
>
> What is the type of people in Rosario—their language and customs —what is Christmas-time like there?
>
> Does the Abyssinia war affect your trade or routes?
>
> Are all American big towns similar in planning to New York, *e.g.*, streets numbered instead of named and built *upward* instead of outward?
>
> How do you speak to foreign people in restaurants, foreign port officials, give orders to foreign stokers when you carry them in the crew?
>
> You have just crossed the South Atlantic in ballast and reached Villa Constitucion to load grain. Do you let all your water ballast out at once—or bit by bit as you load?
>
> What is your average coal consumption? Is the cost of bunker coal the same as common coal?
>
> What is mangrove swamp like? What is manganese ore like and what do we use it for?

Older boys in secondary schools wanted to know technical details—the use of ship's chart, how much food and water to carry on a long voyage and how it is kept fresh, how cargo is loaded in Cardiff and how discharged in Alexandria.

Girls, too

One boy suggested that the strength of the currents, their variation and the periodic flooding of the River Parana might affect the price of bread in London, because these hazards increased the carrying cost of grain.

All these questions are asked quite spontaneously. Girl scholars join in, too. Subconsciously there is developed a knowledge of the life and conditions of many peoples; the connecting interests of trade and commerce in many lands. And who can deny that such an understanding will develop a sympathy and breadth of outlook in the man or woman the child will later become?

There is a direct personal side to the scheme also. Visits are exchanged between the scholars and their adopted ship whenever the vessel is in a convenient port.

Officers become the guests of the school—and often find themselves the objects of embarrassing "hero-worship." Selected scholars visit the ship and meet the captain and officers "at home."

Childeric Road, the little London council school which was one of the pioneers in the experiment, with its collection of 1,500 posters, maps, and charts, has become a centre of interest and is continually being visited by leading educationists who had never heard of it two years ago.

For the scheme has now passed beyond the experimental stage. Its original sponsors, Viscount Sandon and his colleagues, have now formed a Ship Adoption Society with offices and a staff of its own to act as a clearing-house for letters and information between schools and ships.

Seamen willing

A charge is made to each school of £2 2s. a year for the privilege of adopting a ship. This sum pays for the central office organisation, but any education authority which may become a member of the society on behalf of a group of schools may do so at reduced rates.

Although the scheme is perfectly voluntary so far as the captains are concerned (they can pick their own schools if they wish, or refuse altogether), there has been no lack of willingness among them to co-operate. The chief trouble ahead is a sufficiency of ships for the number of schools who want to come in on the scheme.

The society limits the type of ship for adoption purposes to the tramp ship—as being the most useful for educational purposes, because of the scope and variety of its voyages and cargoes. And there are not enough of these to go round.

But on the Management Committee of the society are representatives of the National Union of Teachers as well as the Public Schools Committee, the Council School Authorities and the Merchant Service Guild. Between them they are thrashing out arrangements for several schools to share certain ships, and so help to get over the difficulty of the shortage.

They hope to fit in about 450 schools this year, and applications from many more are pouring into the offices of the society. A quarter of a million schoolchildren already come in under the plan.

It is one of the most novel and interesting experiments in education which this country has seen for a long time.

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Hiking or biking? Carry the Baby 'Brownie' in the *Outdoor Carrying-Case*. Clips on to handle-bars (as shown above) or fastens on to belt (as below). Opened or closed in a moment by zip-fastener. Waterproof. Price 2/6.

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CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

What you Forget, General 'Eva'!

Did Mrs. Bryant Get Justice?—Rent Flaw's First Victim—Notts Not Cricket—Hats Off to a Tory Rebel

DEAR EVA BOOTH, — You should be a contented woman. On your two-thousand-mile tour of Britain, as head of the Salvation Army, you are evoking enthusiasm that no military general could command. Even in pouring rain, people come in their thousands to listen to you.

At Bath, ten thousand attend your service. At Evesham, farmers come from miles around to hear you speak. Great crowds of Coventry workers hasten from the factories to greet you.

And so it goes on—to prove you are right in saying that "the people are hungry for goodness and truth."

The crowds who cheer you are tired of the broken promises of the politicians, the sordidness of a world which could be serene and gracious if only the "will of the people were followed."

They seek an ideal which will restore their shattered hopes, and in the search they are eager to hear your eloquent message.

* * *

But many of them will not be won to your banner unless you put your own house in order. The "Army" must preach not only love, but tolerance. And, above all, it must practise tolerance.

That is why I invite you to study, during the few leisure moments of your tour, the folly perpetrated by your lieutenants at Northampton.

A girl Salvationist, Miss Winifred Butt, has been selected the "Shoe Trade Queen" of that city. Since this little honour has entailed a visit to a theatre and a dance for the first time in her life, she has been forbidden to sing in the choir at "Army" services.

* * *

Not unnaturally, the ban has aroused resentment. Salvationist bandsmen have gone "on strike" by refusing to play at public functions until Miss Butt's privilege is restored.

Yet the local officials had no option but to commit the folly which has provoked this odd situation. For the "Articles of War" which Salvationists must sign prohibit attendance at dances, theatres and other such worldly functions.

* * *

That is a strange rule for a movement which prides itself on seeking converts in low taverns and unsavoury alleys.

It savours too much of the dictums of dictators whose rule has suppressed "goodness and truth" in many countries.

It is particularly regrettable that a religious organisation which fought and conquered narrow-minded bigotry in its early days should to-day display such petty antagonism to innocent recreations.

For to-day this dictator-ridden old world of ours is as hungry for Tolerance as it is for Goodness and Truth!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. S. S. SILVERMAN,
M.P. for Nelson and Colne

DEAR MR. SILVERMAN,—Many people share your disquiet that though Mrs. Bryant was defended by junior counsel only in the recent murder trial, the prosecution was represented by the Solicitor-General, another K.C. and several juniors.

It may be true, as the Home Secretary claims, that these gentlemen "were not a battery directed against the accused," but did their utmost to present the facts without prejudice.

But such an array of talent on one side only is so obviously open to misconceptions that it is clearly undesirable.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CLARENCE KINGSTON,
Ash Road, London, E.

DEAR SIR,—No one can help you, it seems, for you are the victim of the Rent Act flaw recently exposed by the Court of Appeal.

An unemployed builder's labourer, you have been ordered to quit your two unfurnished rooms within a month. You have no money to pay for the removal, and you are likely to find yourself homeless with your wife and young baby.

It cannot be much consolation to you that the Minister of Health is "considering" passing an amendment to the Rent Acts to remedy the flaw of which you are the first victim.

JOHN BULL.

You should preach tolerance as well as goodness and truth, General!

Mr. Justice GODDARD,
Royal Courts of Justice

MY LORD,—I can assure you that the operations of unscrupulous private enquiry agents are not confined to a single district.

"They seem to do queer things in this part of the world," you declared at Winchester Assizes, when told that houses have actually been broken into at night in search of evidence for divorce actions.

You hope that one day a victim will have the courage to sue for damages, and you promise that if such a case comes before your court the damages will be heavy.

None will be more delighted to see an early fulfilment of your hope than

JOHN BULL.

The COMMITTEE,
Notts C.C.

GENTLEMEN,—You have done the right thing to apologise to Sussex for the lack of sportsmanship at Hove, when the Notts team left the field because of drizzling rain, though Sussex wanted only two runs for a win.

Every sportsman must hope that the incident will remain an isolated one. It will be a pity if we have to decide that Notts cricket is Not cricket.

JOHN BULL.

Captain HAROLD MACMILLAN,
Conservative M.P. for Stockton-on-Tees

DEAR CAPTAIN,—I admire your revolt against the Government Whip.

Once you showed your disgust at the neglect of the distressed areas by describing Cabinet Ministers as "slag heaps." Now, disgusted by the abandonment of sanctions, you are leaving the ranks of their supporters.

Most M.P.s, however much they may talk of mutiny, fall humbly into line when the Whip cracks. If there were more with your courage we should be spared many a national shame.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. ROWLEY,
H.M. Inspector of Mines

DEAR INSPECTOR,—So you, too, are alarmed at the many fatal pit accidents to young boys. You think not enough efforts are made to teach juvenile workers the dangers and how to avoid them.

That is certainly a scandal. But the bigger scandal, in my opinion, is that boys should be engaged in such a dangerous occupation.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. T. GIBSON,
Wakefield

DEAR DOCTOR,—Distressing cases of illness and weakness have been found among schoolchildren at Wakefield, due to lack of sleep, and you fear this sleep-starvation of the young is fairly general. In blaming the "increased entertainment" of the home, I suppose you mean the wireless. Well, the remedy lies with those parents who allow their young children to sit up at night much later than is good for them.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. LESLIE WEATHERHEAD,
Leeds

DEAR MR. WEATHERHEAD,—Next October you will start work at the City Temple, the country's most famous Free church, and I am sure you will prove a worthy successor to Dr. Norwood.

I admire your frankness on subjects such as sex, which many ministers ignore. I like your rich sense of humour, and it is easy to understand your popularity among young people. Older folk know you best, I suppose, as a distinguished religious psychologist.

Yes, you are a good man for the job, and I wish you the best of luck.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Glasgow

YOUR WORSHIPS,—You must stop the gang riots which disgrace your great city.

It is being said that you are afraid to send the armed ruffians to prison, and though I am sure this is not true, I hope you will no longer hesitate to impose the heaviest sentences within your power.

JOHN BULL.

Yeoman H. DAVIS,
King's Bodyguard, Yeomen of the Guard

DEAR YEOMAN DAVIS,—It is a common mistake, I am afraid, to refer to Yeomen of the Guard as Beefeaters. So though one of my contributors recently fell into this error, he can at least claim to have erred in good faith.

But I trust your kindly correction will ensure that in future all who wish to refer to the Yeomen of the Guard will themselves be on guard.

JOHN BULL.

DIRECTOR, Imperial War Museum: Congratulations on reopening War Museum in Bedlam. Best place for it.—JOHN BULL.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY: If you think most tithepayers pay very willingly, you can't know many.—JOHN BULL.

PRODS FOR PAUNCHES

IF your future you would know,
Don't to seaside palmists go,
From the Gipsy's warning little help you'll gain;
All phrenologists ignore,
And rely upon the store
Of learning of Sir Bill Arbuthnot Lane!

At the age of eighty, he
Really knows a thing or three;
Though he doesn't read your palm or feel your bumps,
And he doesn't ask for fees,
He can prophesy with ease
On the future of all blokes and coves and chumps!

His method is unique,
And in vain will others seek
To wean him from the views to which he's staunch;
Just how old you'll live to be
Is revealed for all to see,
He announces, by the contours of your paunch!

It is a long lane that has no turning, but, at the age of eighty, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane refuses resolutely to turn from his task of making ours a land fit for Methuselahs to live in.

"I can tell you when a man is going to die by one look at his paunch," says Sir William. "At City banquets I pick them out. 'You will last about eight years,' I say to myself—and I am always right."

The thought of this octogenarian soothsayer, without even waiting for his palm to be crossed with silver, tracing one's life-line across the expanse of one's boiled shirt (all the time compiling private statistics of girths and deaths) is enough to put any sensitive alderman off his turtle soup.

It is doubtful, however, if he would stay off it for long; for your typical City magnate seems to have the same pathetic faith in the turtle soup standard that he once had in the gold standard.

All the same, it would be unjust to suggest that every possessor of bow-window contours has become possessed of them while serving a self-imposed sentence of hard labour in banquet halls.

Many of us who are not engaged in digging our graves with our teeth (or those with which the dentist has thoughtfully supplied us) find that our girth becomes thicker as our hair becomes thinner, so we would fain be furnished with detailed rules for an anti-waist campaign.

Once acquired, a paunch is harder to get rid of than a poor relation, and this, perhaps, is why a middle-aged citizen often gives up the attempt to lose it and decides to make a pet of it.

Certain it is that Mary was not more attached to her little lamb than many a "bull" and "bear" is to his Little Mary. They talk as if they would like a divorce, but shirk the preliminary step of a judicious separation from the fun of the fare.

Not from the B.B.C.

Though Podgers has a princely paunch
He says he'd fain mislay,
He feeds the thing with viands rare
And treats it with such tender care
It's quite resolved to stay!

He finds his pet a dreadful weight
Whenever he goes out,
But, though from it he might be free,
Through eat-wave after eat-wave he
Still carries it about!

"If Podgers," murmurs Gipsy Lane,
"Some sense does not acquire,
I'm ready now to bet my hat
In half a dozen years the fat
Will be well in the fire!"

Y. Z.

Warm-Weather Wisdom

Keeps energy UP
Keeps thirst DOWN

Travel light with

Cadburys

FRUIT & NUT

It's food and refreshment for you! Chocolate, milk and nuts to keep your *energy up*. Plump juicy raisins to keep your *thirst down*. Just remember that 15-20 almonds, about 170 grapes and ½ a pint of fresh full-cream milk go into every half pound block. That is why you'll be wise to carry Cadburys Fruit and Nut on your travels this summer.

2 OZ. 2D

4 ounces 4d. 8 ounces 7½d.

WHEN SLEEP WON'T COME

Nothing wears you down and undermines your health more than sleeplessness. It's not a mere matter of discomfort; all sorts of complications are likely to ensue. The obvious thing to do is to stop the drain on your health straight away. This is the way—take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a glass of water at bed-time. This action will definitely bring you a night's healthy rest. Remember 'ASPRO' gives you natural—soothing sleep. There are no harmful after-effects. The beneficial qualities of 'ASPRO' must be experienced to be realised—just try it—you will certainly be glad you did. And remember

'ASPRO' will bring refreshing sleep surely-swiftly

HERE IS PROOF

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent.

SLEEPLESSNESS & PAINS IN HEAD OVERCOME

17, Durban Street,
Dear Sir, Worcester, Cape Province.
I suffer from severe pains in the head and sleeplessness. 'ASPRO' soothed the pain in the head and gave me sound sleep. I'll never be without 'ASPRO' and will recommend it to all sufferers.
Sincerely yours,
P. A. WILLIAMS.

"NOTHING BETTER THAN 'ASPRO'" SAYS NURSE

Nurse J. writes from 95, Shakespeare Crescent, Manor Park, London, E. "To me there is nothing better for feverishness and headaches, etc., than 'ASPRO,' and I would be glad to encourage patients to have them for their safe results."

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

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ASPRO

The King this Week . . . by John Drinkwater

The FIVE-FOLD CORONATION

DISCUSSING Coronation plans with some members of his staff the other day, the King observed that what they had to remember was that on May 12 next not one King but five Kings would be crowned.

Until the King himself drew attention to this important, indeed essential, aspect of the event, it had received less than due consideration from the Coronation Committee. The terms of the Statute of Westminster, by which the self-governing Dominions of the Crown are separate entities within the Empire, had been overlooked.

The King was the first to see that provision must be made for the Coronation ceremony to take specific notice of all his separate sovereignties, and plans are being made accordingly.

The incident affords another example of the King's practical grasp of affairs.

★ ★

THE Coronation is already beginning to absorb a good deal of His Majesty's time, and he is taking the closest interest in its detail.

It has been necessary for him to attend the weekly meetings of the Privy Council's Coronation Committee, and it was at his suggestion that the new Executive Committee has been appointed with powers to carry on in the King's absence. Their submissions will be made only to the King in Council.

The King, on being consulted as to the constitution of this Committee, naturally nominated some of his most trusted personal advisers, Lord Wigram, his Private Secretary, for example, Sir Derek Keppel, Master of the Household, and Colonel Sir Arthur Erskine, the Crown Equerry.

From now on Coronation business will increase steadily in volume, and the formation of an Executive Committee with acting powers was made imperative by the King's intention to go for a short holiday to the villa that he has taken on the Mediterranean as soon as his engagements for the season are over.

★ ★

A HINT was thrown out the other day that it would have been more appropriate if His Majesty had chosen to spend his first holiday as King in his own kingdom.

I cannot understand this kind of impertinence. If any man in the country has earned a holiday to his own fancy it is the King, and if he elects to go to Timbuctu it is his own business Wherever he is, the messengers from Whitehall will be on his doorstep.

His present intention is to start his holiday immediately after the dedication of the Vimy Ridge Canadian War Memorial on July 26. It is anticipated that six thousand Canadians will visit Europe for the ceremony. As the King will meet them in France, he has asked the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester to entertain them on his behalf at a Buckingham Palace Garden Party on the following Wednesday.

★ ★

IT was the King's wish that before leaving for his holiday his inspection of the armed forces should have covered all branches, so that none could feel neglected. He has, therefore, during the past few days reviewed his Life Guards in Windsor Great Park, and made an unexpectedly comprehensive tour of the Royal Air Force stations, travelling himself by air over a three hundred mile course.

Enthusiastic airman as he is, the King has lost none of his liking for a good horse, and during his inspection of the Life Guards he let it be known that, while the days of cavalry as a fighting unit were numbered, his hope was that his own Guards at least would never discard their horses at State ceremonies.

The abolition of the mounted escort for Royal personages on such occasions would be a sad pity. What we want in these days is not less pageantry in life, but more.

★ ★

HIS Majesty's inspection of the R.A.F. establishment included visits to five aerodromes—Northolt, Wittering, Mildenhall, Martlesham and Hendon. Court mourning had caused him reluctantly to be absent from the Air Force Pageant a week earlier, but his tour of the aerodromes enabled him to see many things that were not on view at the public display.

The King in his Air Force uniform, wearing the new forage cap for the first time

I am told that all ranks alike were greatly impressed both by the King's enthusiasm—he wanted to see everything—and by his knowledge of the service and its machines. "He seemed to know so much about it," said one of the pilots afterwards, "that I even forgot to call him 'Sir.'"

At the end of eight hours' uninterrupted activity His Majesty exclaimed to Air Chief Marshal Sir Edward Ellington, "It has been a glorious day!"

The words are certainly not belied by the appearance of the King in his Air Force uniform, wearing the new forage cap for the first time.

I have noted before his natural gift for wearing clothes, and in a man to whom clothes are part of his great office it is a very valuable one. Whatever the occasion, the King never looks dressed up.

As Marshal of the R.A.F. he looked like an extremely well-turned-out young officer who had reached the highest rank by natural competence. And it is, in fact, his competence that most impresses the most competent men in every calling with which he comes in contact.

★ ★

DURING his Air Force day the King visited the home of a sergeant, and, in his own words, found it charming.

I happened on the same day to be talking to a friend who has many associations with His Majesty, and asked him point-blank what characteristics in the King most struck those who could watch the personal routine of his life. Without hesitation he replied, "His extraordinary sympathy with the under-dog."

A sergeant is, heaven knows, anything but an under-dog, yet that visit is strictly in keeping with my friend's observation. Surrounded by Air Chief Marshals and all their parade, the King nevertheless had time and inclination to find a sergeant's home charming.

Just as when, the day before, on taking over the Jubilee house at Burhill that had been presented to his father by the Royal Warrant Holders, he left his distinguished suite in attendance to talk of old regimental times to the caretaker and his wife, and make their small daughter extremely happy by asking "Well, little one, how are you?"

All things considered the King is probably the best democrat in his democratic Empire.

★ ★

IN becoming Admiral of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners, the King has shown that he esteems the national importance of the Mercantile Marine no less than that of the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force. Here again the gesture was made at his own expressed wish.

For six years before his accession he had been Master of the Company, relinquishing the office with others of the kind on coming to the Throne. At the same time he was anxious to maintain his connection with a body of seamen whose daily fortitude constitute a seldom advertised epic of Empire.

He asked how this could most fitly be done, and when it was suggested that he should assume Admiralty of the Company he welcomed the proposal. And it is in title as their Admiral that he will conduct all future contacts with his merchant sailors.

★ ★

CANNOT our entertainment houses do something about the miserable way in which too often "God Save the King" is played? If it is to be done in these places at all, and it is clearly in accordance with popular feeling that it should be, it should be done as though it were worth doing properly.

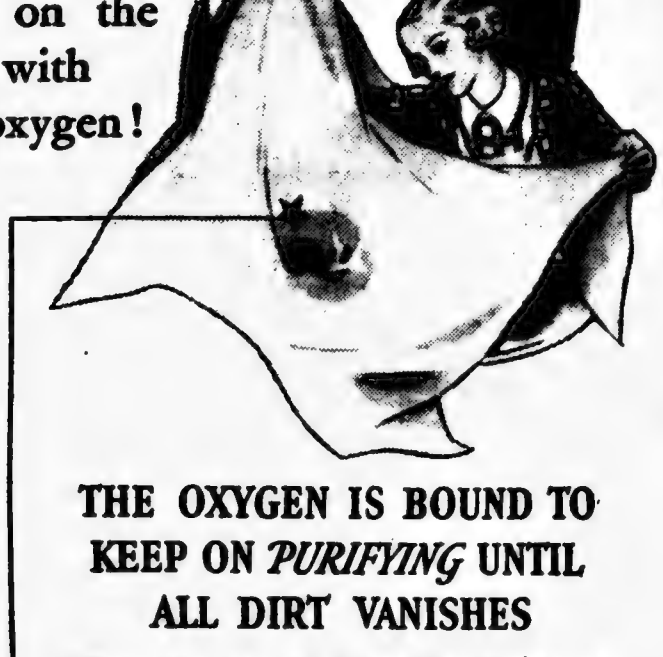
I was at one of the leading West End kinemas last night, and at the end of the show the national anthem was represented by excruciating noises on some sort of a machine.

We all stood at respectful but embarrassed attention while what should be a gracious little ceremony became almost ludicrous.

This inexcusable kind of slackness should be seen to.

Persil soapsuds actually seek out dirt or stain . . .

instantly they're on the job with active oxygen!



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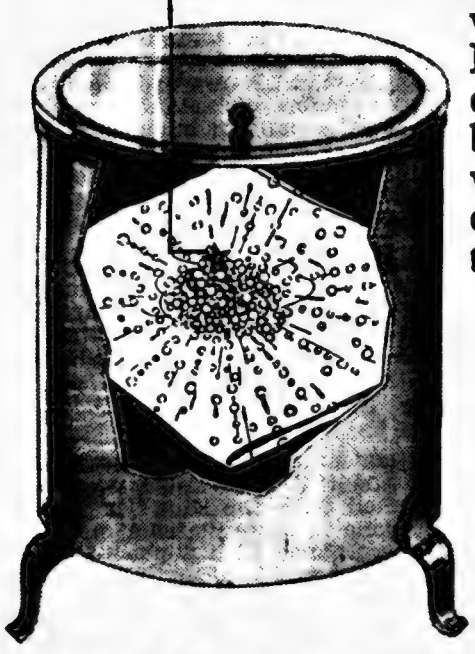
The secret of Persil's amazing cleansing powers is this: Persil's soapsuds contain oxygen. Streams of live oxygen bubbles cluster round dirt—soaking into every particle. The thicker the dirt the more active they become. In almost no time there's not a scrap of dirt left. Every atom vanished clean out of existence!

That's why Persil removes even those dreadful stains in fabric that nothing else will touch. Only Persil's unique oxygen action can bring absolute whiteness and cleanness to everything you wash!



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SLIM and healthy

MOST "fatness" consists of watery fluids in the tissues. They are solutions of toxins which have been absorbed from the intestine. Beechams Brand Pills gently *compel regularity* and so prevent the formation of these toxins. Your weight goes down steadily as your health improves. Take them to cleanse your blood, to overcome constipation, liverishness, indigestion, headaches and complexion blemishes, and to make you look years younger. The same wonderful formula for 90 years.

Purely Vegetable *Sold Everywhere*

BEECHAMS BRAND PILLS

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TO WOMEN WHO WISH TO SLIM

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Another STORM over ERNEST

Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Labour, canvassing for votes at the last election. But how many would he get to-day on the new unemployment regulations?

by A. G. Gardiner

OUR Government has tried again. After eighteen months' reflection it has produced new unemployment assistance regulations to meet the most acute problem of poverty.

That problem does not touch the case of the unemployed who are "in benefit." It concerns the million outside benefit, consisting of 800,000 transitional cases—*i.e.*, applicants who have passed out of benefit—and 200,000 able-bodied non-insurable workers. With their dependants these two classes represent not less than 3,000,000 persons. It is this mass of sheer indigence with which the new regulations deal.

It may be admitted at once that they are a justification of the storm which blew away the first attempt of the Government to grapple with the problem. The scheme presented by the Unemployment Assistance Board eighteen months ago aroused such violent opposition in Parliament and in the country that the Government had to throw over its Minister of Labour, pass the Standstill Act, and instruct the Unemployment Assistance Board to prepare a new scale.

THAT the first scale was too drastic is agreed, and the purpose of the Standstill Act was to prevent the applicants being put in a worse position while the new scale was being devised. They were given the benefit of the higher of two scales—that of the Board or that of the transitional payments which the local authorities were administering on Poor Law lines before the Board came into existence.

This meant that under the Standstill Act over half the cases have been receiving more than they would have got under the first scheme of the Board. The problem set the Board, therefore, was to devise new rates which would put the two classes on the same footing without inflicting the proposed hardships which aroused so much indignation eighteen months ago.

How has the Board solved the problem? By recasting the old scale it estimates that 200,000 of the applicants will receive an increase in their present allowance, and that "substantially less than 200,000" will suffer a reduction which will be spread over a period of eighteen months.

The actual expenditure of public money on the relief will not be diminished, but increased. The cost at present is £38,000,000. It is estimated that the new scale will raise it by £750,000.

While the principle of the household means test is maintained, the new regulations go far to relieve the pressure of its application.

For example, married sons with dependent children forming part of the household will not have to contribute more to the household than they would reasonably pay as boarders.

Another wise change is made in regard to the personal allowance for near relations in the household. At present the needs of earning members of the household are included in the total assessment of needs. Under the new scheme the earner's needs will be treated independently. He will retain a larger proportion of his earnings in order that he may meet his own needs.

Thus, young men and women over eighteen years of age will have for personal requirements all their earnings up to 20s. a week, or 16s. and one-half of the remainder of their earnings, whichever is the greater. As an example, a son earning 40s. a week will retain 28s. for personal requirements, including maintenance, instead of 21s. 8d., and a son earning 50s. will have 33s. instead of 24s. 2d.

NOT the least commendable feature of the new scheme is that which will raise the relief of the industrial worker with dependents and no available resources to the level of unemployment insurance benefit. This should mean that the totally unemployed family on the means test will be in the same position as the family on insurance.

The new regulation in regard to rent alone would justify the rumpus which destroyed the Board's first scheme. That scheme reduced the rent allowance when rents were exceptionally low. It was a complicated business, involving all sorts of calculations and raising endless grievances.

Now the Board adopts the general rule that the rent allowance shall be a quarter of the local scale rates, leaving adjustments either way to be made on the spot with the assistance of the local Advisory Committees.

These committees should be a valuable part of the mechanism of the new scheme. They should be useful in many ways. They will temper the severities of hard officialism with local knowledge, sympathy and understanding. They should widen the interest in the administration of insurance, and provide a salutary criticism upon the Board's operations.

I am personally gratified by one change, of a small but significant kind, which has been made in response to public opinion. The school meals to children are no longer an item to be deducted from their parents' relief. This does not amount to much, in fact, but it was precisely because the sum was so trifling that the deduction seemed mean and contemptible.

AMONG other points which deserve notice is the relief which the new scale provides in the case of women householders and of boys and girls between the ages of sixteen and eighteen.

Taken in the large, the new scheme is an unquestionable improvement on the old. It gives evidence of a serious attempt to remove the grievances which raised the storm in 1934 and to relax in many directions the hardships as well as the anomalies which the original scale threatened.

This does not, of course, mean that it will not, or that it ought not, to encounter the most severe and searching examination in Parliament. It covers so vast a field and raises such a multitude of arguable points that all the resources of the Opposition must be directed to its criticism.

That criticism no doubt will be mainly concerned with the central principle of the scheme—that the ascertainment of needs will be based, not on the individual but on the household. The resistance on this point will be uncompromising.

There is a powerful body of Labour opinion which is opposed to any kind of means test other than that of the individual's need. It holds that the introduction of the family income is unjust and likely to disintegrate the family life.

ON the other hand, it is argued that the absence of a household means test would lead to the grossest anomalies which, by unduly benefiting one family, would penalise, not merely the insurance system but other working-class families whose contributions help to finance the insurance system.

The controversy on this crucial question will be bitter, but it should not obscure the constructive and judicial examination of the scheme as a whole.

The framework of that scheme seems to me statesmanlike and sound. It aims at reducing the chaos of the relief system to a basis of ordered fairness—national in its administration and protected by the local advisory committees and the right of appeal against the rigidities and harshness of a too bureaucratic authority. Through those committees, Labour itself will have an important share in making the system elastic and sensitive to the humane claims in local administration.

Parliament will doubtless find in the scheme much to amend; but the important thing is that it should approach the task with the honesty and dispassionateness that so great a subject demands.

Working Wives

IN our vast industrial areas, where hunger and want prevail, wives often seek employment while sturdy, willing husbands have to stay at home.

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But the inevitable happened. Our reader's wife became ill, and doctor's tonic was of little avail without adequate nourishment, in the battle back to health again.

Then the husband looked up the benefits to which he was eligible under our free insurance scheme, and being a registered reader, got in touch with us.

"Again thanking you for your very practical sympathy," his letter acknowledging our cheque concludes. So if you have not registered, turn to page 2 and sign the coupon. You will, in the event of many emergencies, find it invaluable.

The Human Machine

HAVE A HEART!

ANY of you who are interested in discovering the truth about yourselves, in learning how to control and use the wonderful mechanism that makes up a human being, would do well to remember that you have a "heart" as well as a brain. We can generate emotion as well as thought, and the proper use and control of our emotion is just as important as the intellectual side of us.

It is very doubtful if anything really great has ever been accomplished by pure intellect alone. If you look at a painting by a Great Master—the Sistine Madonna, for instance—it is self-evident that deep emotion lay behind every sweep of the artist's brush.

Listen to the "Moonlight Sonata" or the "Unfinished Symphony," and it is plain that emotion and feeling—yes, and sentiment, too, if you like—were the real inspirers of the musicians who composed them.

"The totality of human splendour," wrote someone, "derives more from the emotions than from the brain. The grand men who built cathedrals in the Middle Ages, the great painters and poets of the Renaissance, were not so concerned to express what they thought about life as they were to find superb expression for what they felt about it."

The man who called Gothic architecture "frozen music" understood what really lies at the root of all genuine creation.

And your successful business man does not become successful just because he has a hard head, a cold brain and a nose for a good deal. He becomes successful because he mixes feelings with brains, because he loves the things he is creating just as much as the painter loves his picture or the musician his composition. Creation with intellect alone is a sheer impossibility.

Now you can't work well at any job unless you create. That's the moral of all this for the ordinary man. Whatever you do, you've got to like doing it if you're going to do it well. You've got to get pleasure out of accomplishment, you've got to feel the emotion of an artist at his job as well as just think about it. You've got to mix brains with feelings.

And feelings are nothing to be ashamed of. On the contrary—as long as you use them and don't let them use you.

Emotion is the dynamo that provides the energy. Brains are the levers which control the output. Remember that, and you'll be all right.

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Its primary object was the foundation of a modern training college where women in general, and wives in particular, could undergo highly specialised courses of instruction to equip them with all-round efficiency and perfection that would have delighted Mrs. Beeton.

Although great strides have been made in active preparation for this enterprise, it is now petering out miserably, and thereby hangs a tale.

The headquarters of this "Training centre for Homemakers" were to have been established at "Bourne House," Hendon, London, under the direction of the founder, Miss Elizabeth Bourne, a charming, grey-haired woman, whose fluent tongue and persuasive manner impress nearly everyone who comes in contact with her.

She let it be known that her new training centre was going to be a roaring success from the word go. No less a person than the Archbishop of Canterbury, she intimated, had consented to open "Bourne House," if other engagements permitted, otherwise Lady Astor or someone equally prominent would perform the opening ceremony.

An advance brochure describing "Bourne House" is vibrant with optimism and efficiency. Above all, is the house motto: "Not failure, but low aim is crime"—which is an admirable sentiment.

"The opening of 'Bourne House,'" says the brochure, "will go far towards meeting what has long been felt as a great want in our midst—namely, a place where domestic science in all its branches, conceived in its broadest sense, can be taught and practised by the girlhood and young womanhood of England in an atmosphere of cultured home life.

All specialists

"'Bourne House' is the outcome of years of preparation, an ideal, with the object of enriching the homes of future generations. With this idea in view, she has engaged the services of a well-known interior decorator, whose aim has been to give the students beautiful and distinctive surroundings and every possible modern comfort in which to study. She has secured a staff of specialists also for every subject in the curriculum."

So it goes on until the reader can hardly fail to be convinced that "Bourne House" is to be a superlative college for wives.

This wife wasn't taught to cook by Miss Bourne! In fact, it is doubtful if the college, Bourne House (above), will ever house any pupils of hers

"If the cook fails, a pupil of 'Bourne House' or her husband will not go dinnerless."

Should the chauffeur fall ill, then the Bourne-House-trained wife will run the car as easily as she runs the kitchen!

If the nurse walks out, a Bourne-House-trained wife will not give way to ineffectual tears—not her—she will manage the babies as easily as she manages the car!

Swimming, tennis, riding, dressmaking, "Bourne House" will teach them all!

Resident pupils can take a six weeks' course, including board and accommodation, for £26 5s., or the twelve weeks' comprehensive course for £50.

The brochure is decorated with charming pictures of "Bourne House," the grounds and the conservatory.

Unfortunately, our investigation shows that Miss Elizabeth Bourne is a little too previous in telling of the wonders of her new college for women.

It is true that Miss Bourne, who is sometimes known as Mrs. Carrington, did negotiate to buy a property at Hendon which was to be known as "Bourne House," and put certain repairs and decorations in hand.

But the firm of builders which carried out this work has not been paid, while a young man who put practically the whole of his capital in this repair and decoration business has been ruined.

For reasons best known to herself, Miss Bourne has failed to complete purchase of the property and "Bourne House," which makes such a brave show in booklet form, has thus never had any real existence.

But Miss Bourne still talks of her training college as if it were an accomplished fact.

This optimistic woman went to a well-known firm of furnishers and ordered goods to the value of £300, paying as a deposit a post-dated cheque for £100.

When this cheque was returned dishonoured, Miss Bourne wrote explaining that there had been some delay owing to the transfer of some securities.

Next she visited a firm of motor-car agents in Great Portland Street, London, and, always doing things in a big way, bought three second-hand cars for over £300.

She made a point that the monogram of her initials must be painted on the doors of the cars.

Two cheques were given in payment, and two cheques came back marked 'R.D." Then came a letter from Miss Bourne to the motor-car agents saying that it was most unfortunate, but there had been a "hold up" in clearing certain securities, but she would call within a day or two and pay cash.

Still waiting

That Great Portland Street motor-car agent is still waiting for her to call.

Miss Bourne may have high ideals for teaching other women to be efficient, but her own methods of business in launching her great scheme of "Bourne House" as a training centre for homemakers hardly inspires confidence.

If her courses in womanly efficiency are as slipshod as her methods in buying cars, furniture, and ordering decoration work to be done, then it is perhaps a good thing that "Bourne House" has not materialised.

Meanwhile, she has rented two floors in a house in Beauchamp Place, London, and is talking of finding another house at Hendon. But nothing definite emerges.

The curious thing is that Miss Elizabeth Bourne, otherwise Mrs. Carrington, who buys cars and houses in the most reckless manner, and talks easily of her friends among the nobility, is living as a boarder in a most modest working-class house in Victoria Road, Hendon.

Ideas, but—

Another recent exploit of this strange woman was to go to a well-known insurance firm to insure her life for £3,000. She passed a medical examination and the business was apparently completed when she gave a cheque for £100 as a premium.

But like other cheques from the same source it came back, followed by the usual explanation from Miss Bourne.

Never at a loss for ideas, she has another scheme in hand for the establishment of an "Anti-Gossip League," with membership fee fixed at half-a-crown a year.

The idea is that members suffering from gossip and slander inform the League, and Miss Bourne arranges to send a well-known ex-detective down to investigate matters.

There is, in fact, no doubt that Miss Elizabeth Bourne is a woman of ideas, but in practice her ideas are not working out.

We can only suggest that she suffers from being of a far too optimistic nature. Her exploits up till now have been strange and bewildering to those who have had business dealings with her.

THE *Other* MR. SROBOT

A GOOD many people are known to lead "double" lives, but few more successfully than an individual named Bertram Srobot, of Trinity Road, Tooting, London, who was fined at Battersea recently for being drunk and disorderly.

Srobot was described on the summons as a "clerk," but actually his business activities are of an extremely questionable character.

He is, in that "other" life he leads, the "Organising Officer" of a concern he calls the St. Mary's Children's Aid, of Harp Lane, London, E.C., the only recognition of which is found in the telephone directory.

* * *

In official circles this organisation is completely unknown, yet in his self-appointed capacity, Srobot has carried on for years, departing on secret missions almost daily, gathering donations and gifts of one kind and another.

He dwells in the Tooting neighbourhood, he operates from the City of London, he collects, according to one story he told, for the poor children of yet another.

But he is under no obligation of any sort to a committee, nor does an executive body of any kind exist. The only manner in which Srobot has distinguished himself is by getting into trouble with his neighbours, and for this he has been fined twice.

Hardly a worthy record for the "Organising Officer" of a concern set up with the objects of aiding children; and it is significant that Srobot has not boasted of the official position he holds.

* * *

The St. Mary's Children's Aid is supposed to be undenominational, and, according to the stylish-headed notepaper used, a "Mr. Bertram" is the honorary secretary.

But "Mr. Bertram" has proved to be a myth, for when Srobot gave this name as a reference for his own good character and standing, back the letter came in Srobot's own handwriting.

Needless to say, "Mr. Bertram" gave "Mr. Srobot" a thoroughly good character, but one which, as the records at Battersea Police Court reveal, Srobot has scarcely deserved.

Investigation leaves not the slightest doubt that Srobot's so-called charitable concern is quite superfluous, and supporters are well-advised to give their help to others of better standing.

Srobot is wise in that he does not commit himself very definitely, and a feature of his activities is that he has not sought any great publicity for his schemes.

But he has nevertheless proved successful in gaining support, and it is scarcely necessary to add that every donation or subscription he gathers from kindly folk would be better applied to established charities of good reputation.

The St. Mary's Children's Aid leaves much to be desired where efforts to assist the poor are concerned. And it is significant that social workers in the parish where Srobot's office is situated know nothing of its activities.

* * *

The only outward and visible sign of its existence other than the entry in the telephone directory is a printed card on the door of the office, indicating that the hours are from 12 till 2 p.m.

The "ever open door" is certainly not the underlying principle, and as Srobot has now gone from Trinity Road, Tooting, efforts to get in touch with him have proved in vain. It is certain he will crop up again somewhere.

The fact that Srobot is able to carry on and land himself in the police court for being drunk at the expense of philanthropists is one that should interest Parliament now that the widespread evil of bogus charity collecting is before it.

Write to

JOHN BULL

About it!

SECRETS!

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THE WHOLE TRUTH—NEVER BEFORE TOLD — THE WORLD'S GREATEST FILM STORY, in the world's record Gift Supplement—thirty-two lavishly illustrated all-photogravure pages—that is the stupendous once-in-a-lifetime Wonder Book given FREE to every reader in "Picturegoer Weekly"—JUST OUT. Here is a book that will thrill the whole country—that every filmgoer will treasure and everyone will be discussing for months to come—and it's absolutely Free with "Picturegoer Weekly"—only 2d. as usual.

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What of the issue of "Picturegoer Weekly" itself? A wonderful number—containing Paul Muni's own story of his amazing career—an interview with Nancy Carroll—Carl Brisson's revelations about his two years in Hollywood—what to wear if you are Ginger Rogers type—a magnificent double-page spread "He-Men Still Attract"—dozens of new photographs of favourite stars and forthcoming films—absorbing articles on current film topics—reviews and previews, secrets of the stars, gossip from the Studios, etc., and full details and your VOUCHER for

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Where were the stars of to-day 12 years ago—Clark Gable?—and Joan Crawford?—and Jean Harlow?—and the great Garbo? When and how did Hollywood come into being as a film centre?—what were the first pictures?—who made them?—what did they cost?—how much profit did they make? **Don't miss these sensational revelations!** Everybody will be talking about them—and about all the other wonderful features of this free Wonder Book. . . . The more than 100 amazing pictures, the fascinating articles—"The Star Factory," about the unseen directors and technicians who are the real "power behind the throne"—"A World within a fence," the amazing organisation whose "assets" if translated into £ s. d. would almost pay the national debt!—"Great Films of All Time," Hollywood's own ideas of its masterpieces—**will you agree?** "Where Fashions are Created," the amazing style organisation which must always be a year ahead—"Mirror of the Stars," showing what to-day's greatest artistes looked like originally, "The Film Begins to Talk"—"On to the Heights"—"Men of Vision and Genius"—etc.

PICTUREGOER

JUST OUT — ALL PHOTOGRAVURE

JUST OUT
2D. AS USUAL

Amazing MURDER TRIAL SEQUEL

The following letter has been received by the Editor of JOHN BULL:

Dear Sir,—The nation-wide reputation of JOHN BULL *as the fearless champion of all who suffer from legal or social injustice encourages us—the friends of the Rev. P. C. Marr—to offer you the enclosed for publication.*

We have exhausted every private effort to secure his liberation, and we think his only hope now is to create a sympathetic public opinion on his behalf.

(Signed) Mrs. Annie Little,
Secretary, Marr Liberation Committee.
Greenbank, Haywood, near Lanark.

Enclosed with this letter was the following dramatic narrative of facts which are printed as received. They describe a tragedy and a great wrong, and the presentation of them should so arouse public indignation and sympathy that it is inconceivable the authorities will delay longer in restoring this clergyman to freedom and his people.

A TINY village on the high moorlands of Lanarkshire, where the infant Clyde shows no promise of ever being able to bear a *Queen Mary* to the sea, is busy exercising the ancient constitutional right of subjects to petition Parliament for redress of grievances.

The people of Haywood complain that their minister, the Rev. P. C. Marr, B.D., has been unjustly detained in a lunatic asylum. The case is a pitiful one, and reveals a defect in our legal system of which most people know nothing.

Thirteen years ago there came to the manse and pulpit of Haywood a slender, youthful-looking man, gentle in manner, and a lover of children, who grew in popularity. Presently he was elected to the parish council, on which he proved a staunch champion of the under-dog.

Accompanying him were his parents, the father, nearly eighty and enfeebled, and the mother, already stricken with a fatal illness. Both bore the marks of recent struggle and sorrow, but only later did the village learn their story. It was a version of one of the oldest stories of the world—Naboth's vineyard.

Andrew Marr, the father, had built and managed a small property at Leith. His life was entwined in it like the roots of a tree in an old wall. But one of the tenants, by name Dalgleish, had cast covetous eyes upon it, and he was a man with few scruples.

Tore up cheque

Two years previously Andrew Marr's daughter Jennie had died suddenly, and on the day of the funeral the distraught old man signed a disposition of the property to Dalgleish. When he realised the nature of the document, he tore up the cheque offered to him and denounced the pretended sale.

The old man appealed to his clergyman son, and the latter promised him every support he could give. When attempts at compromise failed, the case was taken to law. Although the son put up all the money he had and borrowed to the limit of his credit, lack of funds, combined with mistakes in procedure, prejudiced the chances of the cause.

It laboured on like a leaking vessel for over two years, until it reached the House of Lords, where it finally foundered. A bill for £1,000 of costs was presented to the old man. Dalgleish made him bankrupt and his discharge was held up for two years.

Penniless after a long life of labour and thrift, the old couple came to the manse of their minister son, and there, within a year, the mother died, worn out with grief. The father lingered on, an invalid, and his death, six years ago, terminated a painful and protracted illness.

Horror-stricken

His son was advised to take a vacation. Considering it inadvisable to leave in the empty manse an automatic pistol he had owned for many years, he took it with him.

He proceeded to Leith to settle his father's affairs there, and one morning he met Dalgleish by accident. The latter desired to know if Andrew Marr were dead, as he had heard rumours. The news seemed to release in him pent-up emotion, for he began abusing the dead man, describing him as "an old fool."

He appeared also to be incensed against the son, whose moral and financial aid to his father had cost him, Dalgleish said, "a lot of money."

Mr. Marr replied indignantly, and Dalgleish attacked him. The clergyman is of delicate physique, and Dalgleish, a powerful man, could have killed him with a blow of his fist. To protect himself, Mr. Marr produced the pistol, and Dalgleish was fatally wounded.

Mr. Marr was horror-stricken. He despised, but cherished no enmity against, Dalgleish; he had never entertained the desire or purpose of injuring him, and no evidence of a threat of any kind can be produced. Nevertheless, Mr. Marr was arrested and charged with murder.

Two asylum doctors visited Mr. Marr for the Crown and reported him insane. His legal advisers—hesitant about the hazards of a trial, and relatives full of timid fears—wished to leave the Crown view unchallenged.

On the contrary, Mr. Marr determined to vindicate his sanity and his innocence of the wilful murder charge, sought to prepare a defence. But facilities were not given him to establish that he had acted only in self-defence.

On November 17, 1930, the High Court held Mr. Marr to be unfit to plead, and he was ordered to be detained "during His Majesty's pleasure."

The Petition now to be presented to Parliament points out that the witnesses were not subjected to cross-examination and there was no rebutting evidence. The case, it contends, was based on the flimsiest materials, and depended chiefly on the interpretation (or misinterpretation) of a few casual words and phrases.

The consequences were appalling to Mr. Marr. He was removed to the Criminal Lunatic Department for Scotland, which is part of the grim and fortress-like prison of Perth. The conditions, if stated in detail, would sicken the hardiest.

He was practically dying on his feet when he got a letter smuggled out to his relatives. They acted at once. An interview was granted by that great-hearted man, the late William Adamson, then Secretary of State for Scotland, who, on reviewing the case, arranged for Mr. Marr to be transferred to an ordinary asylum, and promised that, after a period, he should be liberated.

If Adamson had lived and continued in office, Mr. Marr would be free to-day. As it is, he and his friends have been vainly petitioning the Departments for more than two years.

No legal machinery exists whereby Mr. Marr can obtain a hearing before an independent tribunal. In a country which vaunts the perfection of its legal system, a sane untried man can suffer life-long detention.

"It is an elementary principle of law," says the Petition about to be laid before Parliament, "that an untried man is assumed innocent, but his case has always been approached as if he were a proved homicidal maniac, and all official reports have been founded on that assumption.

This disregard of his rights has done Mr. Marr untold prejudice. Until the facts have been sifted in a court of law, no one is entitled to say that he was culpably responsible for the death of Dalgleish or that he was in a state of mania at the time.

"We boldly challenge the official reports, and pronounce Mr. Marr to be of sound mind," states the Petition. "The unanimous testimony of all who have been in contact with him is that he is sane and of unimpaired mental vigour.

"Two doctors who saw him recently," the Petition goes on "testify to that effect."

"I have no hesitation in saying," writes one of them, "that in the three talks I had with Mr. Marr I detected no signs of mental derangement."

The other declares the same.

The danger

The records during the six years of his detention are in his favour. He suffers from no delusion, states the Petition; he is not subject to fits of mania. Never before or since 1930 has he offered violence to adult or child. His life, private and professional, has been blameless and upright.

"We submit," say the petitioners, "that a man's personal history, his public career, and the testimony of the people who have known him intimately from childhood and have been with him in the critical moments of his life, outweigh the impressions of medical gentlemen who have only seen him once and for less than an hour."

If Mr. Marr is left longer in the dim, weird, horrible world of an asylum he may be driven really insane, and his strength, already terribly taxed, collapse altogether. That is why his friends are pressing his case upon Authority.

But Authority possesses what Mr. Winston Churchill has called "the tremendous power of doing nothing." It continues silent and inscrutable as the Sphinx—and as immovable. Mr. Marr's friends ask for help to open the door to a larger life for one who has been the sport of cruel chance and the plaything of circumstance.

The Rev. P. C. Marr, whose detention in an asylum should be reconsidered

Sane Minister in Asylum

Pay First Job Pitfall

PITFALLS in the path of those seeking work are many, and the latest by the way, is the offer recently advertised by a concern called Stafford and Co., of 122, Doggett Road, Catford, to persons of either sex ready to undertake envelope-addressing.

"Your age is immaterial, so long as you possess average intelligence, ability and common sense, these being the chief qualifications required," runs a multi-typed letter sent out to applicants.

The expectations of the man or woman genuinely seeking remunerative employment doubtless run high on perceiving that the occupation is "interesting and instructive," with the hope of advancement to really good workers.

It describes the opportunity it offers as being a "wonderful chance."

According to its headed notepaper—importing, publishing and manufacturing are included in its many activities, in addition to mail order business and circular distributing.

"Good pay" is promised in the initial advertisements, but the chief import of the multi-typed letter is an invitation to remit a postal-order for 3s. in return for "Complete Working Directions for Money-Making at Home!"

It will come as a shock to the unfortunate job-seeker to find that he is thus expected to lay out money before earning a shilling of the promised average of a pound or two a week. That Stafford and Co. undertakes that the applicant runs no financial risk is poor consolation.

* * *

Why a self-styled firm of importers, manufacturers, and publishers should go to the trouble of getting its envelopes addressed piece-meal by employees scattered all over the country is best known to Stafford and Co. itself.

JULY 18, 1936

BREACH of PROMISE

So cleverly do some unscrupulous gold diggers fake evidence that their lawyers can obtain substantial awards—in spite of the vigorous denials of the "lovers" concerned—without going to the Law Courts at all

IT is a boom year for Breach of Promise! Not so much for those deluded girls who have received a few paltry pounds as the law's solace for their loss of a prospective husband, as for their cleverer sisters, who have been asking for hundreds and even thousands of pounds on such grounds as "loss of expectations," "pain," "shame," "annoyance," and even "disappointment."

Some of them have succeeded. Others have failed. A few have been reated by juries with contempt.

One has been told coldly and lainly by Mr. Justice Charles: This is a money-making case and nothing else."

Indeed, there seems little doubt that many of these breach of promise cases that reach the Courts are nere "gold-digging" expeditions.

Prefer to pay

But sordid as that is, JOHN BULL can reveal that it is the brighter side of the Breach of Promise picture. There is another far more sinister side of which the authorities have only recently become aware.

A number of solicitors who have had their suspicions aroused by the frequency with which clients ask them to settle breach of promise claims out of court have been comparing notes, and it has led them to make an alarming discovery.

They have found that for every genuine breach suit that reaches open court there are twenty or thirty—one of them puts the figure as high as a hundred—that are never intended to come before a judge and jury at all, but which represent nothing more nor less than legalised blackmail.

They are instituted by women who get to know some secret chapter—it may not be a very bad one—in the life of a well-to-do man and know that he would prefer to make a substantial cash payment to them rather than face the publicity of the witness-box.

The old-fashioned methods of blackmail, with their attendant risk of many years of penal servitude in the event of discovery, are scorned by these modern practitioners of the art. They prefer a form of it that is "within the law."

And that, strange as it may seem, is true of breach of promise blackmail.

There walked into the offices of a London solicitor a few weeks ago a rich manufacturer who was the victim of one of these breach of promise blackmailers. He threw down angrily the most recent letter he had received from her, an epistle full of her heartaches and despondencies, and said curtly that he wanted to settle with her for four thousand pounds.

Flattery

His story can be told quite briefly. He had met the woman when she was a dance instructress and he a jolly sort of middle-aged man who wanted to shine on the ballroom floor and saw in this very fascinating creature just the person he wanted to teach him to dance.

One day she told him flatteringly that he had progressed so far that he could now take part in exhibition dances. He agreed to travel to an east coast seaside resort to take part in a competition with her as his partner.

That was his undoing, for he had already confided in her about some past indiscretion, and that was just the sort of information she needed.

Three weeks later came the letter in which she asked him when he intended to keep his promise and marry her.

He answered it angrily, demanded to know what she was talking about, told her plainly that he wouldn't think of marrying her. If she were engaged to him, then where was her ring? And where was any letter in which he had addressed her as his fiancée?

But he didn't reckon on the little bit she knew of his past life.

Tearful plea

If she had threatened to reveal that on a single postcard, unless he paid her a single pound note, she would have been liable to arrest and a long term of imprisonment. But such was not her method.

She wrote him tearfully, taxing him with breaking her heart and letting her down before all her friends.

A shady lawyer knew how to tell him that his broken-hearted client intended to sue him for £10,000, which was just a safe way of saying that unless he paid a colossal sum a clever barrister would be able to brand him as a blackguard in open court.

It was blackmail on a hundred times bigger scale than other forms which have earned criminals long terms of imprisonment.

Yet for that the law wouldn't be able to punish this woman with a single day's imprisonment, and would, indeed, allow her to utilise its resources.

And so the man paid £4,000—and that despite the fact that his solicitor told him definitely that the woman was a notorious blackmailer. "I daren't go into the witness-box," he said brokenly, in answer to that.

In another recent case there was nothing in the victim's past life of which he was ashamed. But that made no difference to his accuser, for he had written her some love-letters that would have made him the laughing-stock of his two hundred workpeople.

He would have quibbled at paying in the thousands of pounds, of course. But that woman was too wise to spoil her plot by excessive greed. She asked for a modest three hundred pounds—and yet again the victim paid.

Another form of blackmail was tried on an extensive scale, not by one woman acting alone, but by a syndicate of five beauties actually working under a manager, who had a car and chauffeur at the service of the "combine." They did not make wealthy men their mark, but obtained the money they wanted from wealthy men by exploiting their sons.

They took the precaution of never acting twice in exactly the same way. Yet one instance that can be quoted of their methods is fairly typical of them all.

One of the women was placed in the way of the undergraduate son of a mining magnate when he was on a visit to London—a boy who, despite the great riches of his father, was made to live on a fixed allowance that did not permit him riotous excesses.

"Engaged now"

Imagine his pleasure, therefore, at making the acquaintance of a very pretty girl—not the kind he wanted to marry, true—who had her own car and chauffeur, flat, cocktail cabinet, and private income.

The boy itched to repay her hospitality with some small present that he could afford, and after he had met her on half a dozen occasions he said so.

Instantly she told him that she had in mind just the present she would like him to get her—a ring, just a simple £12 solitaire!

She would wear it on her engagement finger, of course, although she was not engaged. It was so helpful in enabling a woman to avoid the unpleasant attentions of the type of man she was compelled to meet in the circles in which she moved. And so he selected the ring, paid for it and put it on her engagement finger. What is more, he heard her declare proudly at a party that he had bought it for her. She said: "That means we are engaged now," in a roguish sort of way, and he, knowing that he hadn't the money to marry, anyhow, and feeling that no well-to-do woman would want to marry a man who was only getting a small pocket-money allowance, laughed at the jest.

But he did not laugh when his father showed him the threat of proceedings for breach of promise, nor when that father told him a few days later: "I've had to pay £250 through your folly, and I think I've got off lightly. I couldn't allow your name to be linked up like that with a woman of that sort."

That blackmailing gang was never broken up by the police, for while the breach of promise laws are as they are the police are powerless against such women. Two of the women were able to contract wealthy marriages through their activities. One is still trying "breach" blackmail on her own. Of the others, nothing is known.

It is a fact that they found many scores of victims between them while the syndicate was working.

Those five women relied more on their own unsavoury rep than on finding out things man's past life and exploith the full. They knew few men would want to be assoc a breach of promise case wi as they. And there are ma try that form of this black racket.

One victim of such a wom a well-known author who solicitor about it in som fashion as this:

"I met her in the early ho morning on my way home, a to her flat. There was a ve vivial party there, and I co had a high old time.

"I went to see her severa after that, but there was no show me the kind of life s leading.

Risk too gre

"In fact, she told me she w ing her hand at novel writing promised that one day I woul her on her work.

"But if there are several of hers who say they saw her a ring, heard me annou engagement, and so on, I s are telling lies."

The truth is that they w course. The author knew it.

PROMISE BLACKMAIL

Full Exposure of a Disgraceful Racket

So cleverly do some unscrupulous gold diggers fake evidence that their lawyers can obtain substantial awards—in spite of the vigorous denials of the "lovers" concerned—without going to the Law Courts at all

...e was compelled to meet in ...cles in which she moved. ...he selected the ring, paid ...nd put it on her engagement ... What is more, he heard her ... proudly at a party that he ...ught it for her. She said: ...means we are engaged now," ...guish sort of way, and he, ... that he hadn't the money ...y, anyhow, and feeling that ...to-do woman would want to ... man who was only getting ... pocket-money allowance, ... at the jest.

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...fact that they found many ... victims between them while ...cate was working.

...five women relied more on their own unsavoury reputations than on finding out things about a man's past life and exploiting it to the full. They knew few decent men would want to be associated in a breach of promise case with such as they. And there are many who try that form of this blackmailing racket.

One victim of such a woman was a well-known author who told his solicitor about it in some such fashion as this:

"I met her in the early hours one morning on my way home, and went to her flat. There was a very convivial party there, and I confess I had a high old time.

"I went to see her several times after that, but there was nothing to show me the kind of life she was leading.

Risk too great

"In fact, she told me she was trying her hand at novel writing, and I promised that one day I would advise her on her work.

"But if there are several friends of hers who say they saw me buy her a ring, heard me announce her engagement, and so on, I say they are telling lies."

The truth is that they were, of course. The author knew it. So did his solicitor. So did the women themselves.

But even, in denying it, that author would have had to confess in a court of law to his association with a woman who, he knew now, had one of the most evil of reputations. And as it was worth a hundred pounds—the sum demanded—to avoid that dreadful ordeal, he paid.

Better to settle

Another victim of the same kind of woman racketeer employed a private detective to make enquiries as to the private life of the woman who was threatening to sue him. The reports he received led him to believe that she had got confederates to swear they had heard him refer to his engagement by promising them that she would do the same for them one day.

He told his solicitor of this belief, and said he had a good mind to let the matter go to court.

But the solicitor, who was able to get the woman to reduce her demand from £500 to £200, advised him that at this price it would be better for him to settle, as the injury to his business career would have been far greater even if he eventually won the case.

Somewhat different are the wiles of the woman who has a downright bad character and doesn't mind her prospective victims knowing it. After all, they never know at any stage of their "friendship" that she is going to turn on them with a breach of promise threat.

One such woman, a procuress, makes breach of promise a side-line. She just plainly tells her clients: "You're not going to let the world know what you've been paying me to do, I know. All right, then. You proposed to me, see? And you're going to hear from my lawyers. I may have to show what kind of man you are.

"What do you say? I'd come out of it as badly as you? Well, I don't mind. It can't hurt me, but as for you——"

In the correspondence files of London solicitors there are letters showing that six men have paid sums of a thousand pounds and upwards to that woman as a settlement out of court for "breach of promise" damages. And it is at least on the cards that there are more.

While the breach of promise laws remain as they are (successive Governments have said that there isn't sufficient Parliamentary time to change them, although no effort has ever been made to deny that they cry out aloud for reform) this crime that amounts to blackmail, but is within the law, will go on.

So, too, will hundreds of men still go on paying the blackmailers by marrying them, instead of handing out the cash or facing the limelight of the witness box in a breach of promise case.

Where the man is wealthy, women of this type prefer that kind of settlement.

"Gold cure"

An attempt is to be made in the House of Commons shortly to ascertain, through a Private Member's Bill, the feeling of the House as to allowing women to sue for huge sums of money for so-called "damage" that is, in actual fact, no damage at all.

In the opinion of many eminent lawyers much of this breach of promise blackmail goes on because our courts depart entirely from the principles of law in breach actions.

Some of them have no hesitation in calling it hybrid law—and un-English in every way.

After all, the law does not allow anything for "disappointment" or "heartache" or any variations of those mental conditions, if a man is knocked down by a car or involved in a railway accident.

Nor does it, in a case concerning contract, take notice of any loss other than a pecuniary one. And breach of promise law is contract law, after all.

Deeper enquiry

Only in breach of promise cases does it try the "gold cure" for broken hearts.

If we must have breach of promise damages, let it be only for women who can show real injury, who are left with babies or have suffered real pecuniary damage through the heartless conduct of men who promised them marriage but never meant it.

Eminent lawyers have already shown how the law can distinguish between the blackmailers and the genuinely injured breach of promise victim—before a word against anybody's reputation has been uttered in court.

The idea is that all the facts should first be studied by a Master in Chambers.

He would be able to call the parties before him and examine them in a more searching manner than would be possible in open court, for, after all, this would be no trial of the action, and the ordinary rules of evidence need not apply.

He would soon pick out the genuine cases and would permit no obviously blackmailing action to go on.

If he had any doubt at all he would allow the action to proceed, after ordering the plaintiff to deposit sufficient cash, or security for it, to ensure that she was prepared to lose something—say, £250 or so—if the court should decide that she was pursuing a sheer money-making action.

It would be quite easy for the Master to avoid closing the door to poor litigants.

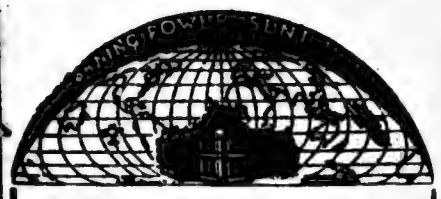
Sift them first

Most of the people who bring these blackmailing actions take care they have no money to lose. It is not that they are poor women—being without money is their elementary precaution. Their victim has to pay, whatever the outcome. That is one of the reasons why men will so often rush to settle breach of promise cases out of court.

If something along those lines is not done soon the pressure of public opinion will soon stop breach of promise cases altogether, as it has done in America, where Mrs. Roosevelt was one of the principal campaigners against it. And that might be unfair to a few women who do suffer loss through a broken promise of marriage.

Let us have the blackmailing actions sifted out before they reach court.

Those who use the law as an ally in squeezing money out of their victims under threat of disclosure would then soon see the red light!



SIGNS of the TIMES

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Vultures of the Desert—by Secret Service Operator 1384

THE STORY SO FAR

"Operator 1384" and an American named McCann are members of "L'Espionnage Central," a secret service offshoot of the French Foreign Legion, pitted against white slave and dope traffickers in Northern Africa. They are working under a Captain Ducane.

From a dying colleague who had fallen into the hands of the traffickers, they learn of the existence of "The White Tuareg," a renegade white man, who is believed to be at the head of the organisation they are out to smash.

After frustrating a sale of slaves at In Salah, they make a dash for freedom, pursued by Tuareg tribesmen, being finally rescued by a detachment of the Foreign Legion.

NOW READ ON

McCann grabbed the girl, and I forced my way towards him

In the WHITE CARGO CARAVAN

FOR several days, while we awaited further orders from Ducane, McCann and I amused ourselves as best we could. In Salah had little to offer in the way of amusement, and I was glad when Ducane sent for us and told us that he had work for us to do.

"Word has just been brought in by one of our Arab agents," he said, "that a big caravan is coming this way from the direction of Timbuktu. According to the agent, it is bringing slaves and dope."

He went on to tell us that we were to endeavour to find out who was in charge of the caravan and for what destination it was bound. We were to pose as deserters from the Foreign Legion.

At dusk, dressed in shabby uniforms and carrying two Mauser pistols each, we rode off on two fast camels.

We rode fast, anxious to cover as much ground as possible in the cool of the night, and only paused once to drink a little water and eat a few dates.

Dawn broke just as we reached the caravan route. After a little while I called a halt, and McCann and I, dismounting, proceeded to tear our tunics and riding-breeches and make ourselves as much like bedraggled deserters from the Legion as we could.

For two days we rode steadily along the rough caravan trail and just at dawn on the third day we noticed a cloud of dust moving in our direction. We rode behind a sand dune, threw ourselves on the sand and waited. Slowly the cloud moved towards us, until at last we were able to see that it was caused by a large camel caravan. On each side of it rode ten armed men, and as the cavalcade came closer I saw that the guards were Tuaregs.

At the head rode a man on a fine Arab horse, and it was obvious that he was no Arab. An Arab rides a horse with a sort of half crouch, but this man was riding with a long stirrup and with the easy style of a cavalryman.

The likelihood of his being a white man was strengthened when I noticed that, although he wore Tuareg dress, there was no veil across his face. I knew from experience that a white man wearing a Tuareg veil finds it almost impossible to breathe in comfort. Most of the Tuaregs, too, are clean-shaven, and this man wore a thick black beard.

I glanced at McCann. "This is the outfit we're looking for, Mac," I said; "we must ride out and meet them. It's our only chance."

We mounted our camels and rode from behind the sand dune on to the caravan trail. As soon as we appeared half a dozen rifles were levelled at us. We promptly put up our hands, but instead of halting, we rode straight towards the leader, who raised a hand, and brought the caravan to a halt.

He was a thick-set man, about forty years of age, with almost white hair and close-set, beady eyes. He had a long, ugly scar that ran down the side of his nose.

"We are deserters from the Legion," I announced.

"Deserters, eh!" he snarled. "Worth fifty francs apiece, are you?" He ran a disapproving eye over us. "I should say it's the first time in your lives you've ever been worth as much as that"

"Say, listen, son!" said McCann. "If you start talking that way——"

"We've lost our way," I interrupted hastily, "and we want you to help us."

For a time the leader was silent, eyeing us keenly and evidently considering how to deal with us most advantageously to himself; and then he signed to us to fall in beside him.

"All right," he said surlily. "You can ride with us for a while, and I'll think it over."

For some distance we rode beside him, McCann on his left and I on his right. I was aware that the Tuaregs were giving us ugly looks, but I was not worrying about that. All that concerned me was to get on the right side of their leader, and as we rode along I told him a long story of how we had been brutally ill-treated in the Legion, and had finally decided to take the risk of deserting rather than stand any more of it.

"Can you both speak Arabic?" he asked.

I assured him that we could, though the statement was, as far as McCann was concerned, something of an exaggeration.

"Very well," said the leader of the caravan, "I'll give you a chance to make good. But if you're thinking of double-crossing me, I advise you to think again. Try it once and I shall hand you over to the Tuaregs."

McCann and I both promised that, if he would give us a chance, we would serve him faithfully.

I told him that my name was Bill Phillips, and that McCann's was Bob Collins, of Texas. He became a little more friendly, and told us that he was taking the caravan as far as Tuat. But he gave us no hint of the nature of the merchandise that was being carried.

The caravan consisted of about three hundred camels, heavily laden with goods, a great deal of which no doubt consisted of silks, cloths, spices and such like; but I had not the least doubt that amongst these innocuous wares there was a plentiful supply of dope. A dozen

(*Continued on page 24*)

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KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

SAND DANCE of DEATH

(*Continued from page 22*)

of the camels carried passengers, discreetly hidden from view by the small curtained canopies, something like the howdahs used on elephants, in which they travelled.

The journey to Tuat occupied five days, and during that time McCann and I were taken more and more into our new employer's confidence. He became quite friendly with us, and told us many times that he could make our fortunes for us if we would stick to him.

He said his name was Leon Muese. But it was not until we were just on the outskirts of Tuat that he confided to us how our fortunes were to be made.

"Ever heard of running slaves and dope, boys?"

McCann grinned. "I'll say we have. Haven't we, Bill?"

I nodded knowingly. "We know a good deal about it, Muese," I said. "In the old days Bob and I cleaned up a nice packet from time to time, but things got too hot and we had to pull out of it."

Hide-out

Muese nodded. "If that's so, boys," he said, "I can give you your chance all right. I can do with a few men like you, and if you give me a square deal, you'll clean up plenty more nice packets. I've got ten girls in this caravan and fifty thousand francs worth of dope. How does that sound?"

"Sounds good to me," said McCann. "But if you're thinking of taking that lot into Tuat, I guess you're running a big risk."

Muese smiled and shook his head. "There's no need to worry about the risk. That's all taken care of. If you two stick close to me, you'll learn something."

That night, when the caravan had been safely housed, Muese told us that, since we had agreed to join up with him, he proposed taking us to one of the various hide-outs where the dope and slave traffic was carried on.

"But remember, you must keep your heads whatever happens, and say nothing."

He led us along a narrow street, through a part of the town with which I was not familiar, and in due course he paused outside a small shoe shop. He knocked twice on the door, and a man's face appeared at the grille.

I noticed that Muese made a sign with two fingers, passing them quickly from left to right across his throat. The door was instantly opened, and we went inside. The Arab led the way along a passage, through another door and down a steep flight of stone steps.

At the foot of the stairs a wave of hot air, heavy with the smell of opium and hashish, met us. We were in a cellar roughly two hundred feet square. All about the floor, sprawling on cushions, were dozens of figures, men and girls, some smoking hashish or opium, some apparently in a deep stupor. An unseen orchestra was playing a weird sing-song air, and there was a constant sound of voices. Most of the men were Tuareg nobles, but among them I noted several Europeans. Muese seemed quite at home in the place.

Now!

At the far end of the cellar was a raised platform, in front of which were seated about twenty Tuareg nobles. Muese paused, called an attendant and a few moments later cushions were placed for us right in front of the platform, and we sat down.

Suddenly there came a loud crash of cymbals. At once the music stopped, every sound was hushed. Then a tall Tuareg stepped on to the platform and announced that a special dance was about to take place. Muese's elbow dug me in the ribs. "Now you are going to see something," he whispered.

The announcer left the platform, and on to it stepped several attendants, carrying sacks of sand, which they proceeded to spread over the boards until it was three or four inches thick.

The music started again, the queerest music I had ever heard. On to the platform came two young Arab girls, whose only covering was their long black hair that hung loose about their shoulders. They came, twisting their bodies and posturing across the stage in time to the music, slithering and shuffling in the sand.

Gradually the music quickened, and the movements of the dancers quickened with it. Faster and faster came the wailing notes of the flutes and the throbbing beat of the drums, and faster and faster the two girls turned and twisted.

Muese, with his right arm in a sling, sprang angrily to his feet

Frenzy

As the speed increased, the whole crowd in the cellar began clapping their hands and swaying their bodies in time with the dancers.

The dancers themselves seemed tireless. On and on they danced, faster and faster as the music relentlessly quickened its beat, and I realised that only under the influence of dope would they have the strength to keep pace with the mad urge of the music.

The end came suddenly. The dancers were, I am sure, to all intents and purposes, unconscious. Their muscles were giving sharp, uncontrolled twitches, and every now and then a spasm seemed to grip them and send a shudder through their bodies.

One of them, as suddenly as if a taut string had snapped, collapsed on to the sand and lay still. There came a long, sighing gasp from the crowd of onlookers, almost like a sign of satisfaction; but no one stepped forward to raise the still figure that lay crumpled in the sand.

For some minutes the other girl still kept up her frenzied dancing; and then, just as suddenly, she collapsed and fell in a heap on the sanded boards.

No sooner had the second girl fallen than the music stopped abruptly, the swaying crowd became still, and for a few minutes there was silence.

Then, as two attendants stepped on to the platform, picked up the two bodies of the dancing girls and carried them off, the band struck up a lively tune, the semi-circle of onlookers broke up as though nothing unusual had occurred.

I sat there feeling sick with horror at what I had seen, until once again Muese's elbow was dug into my ribs.

"Well, boys," he said, "how's that for a show? I bet you've never seen that before. Not many white men have seen it. It's what they call 'The Sand Dance of Death.'"

Since I had been enrolled in the Secret Service I had never witnessed anything that had so sickened and disgusted and horrified me as the spectacle of those two creatures dancing themselves to death for the entertainment of a crowd of dope-crazed beasts.

I turned to Muese. "Let's get a move on," I suggested.

But Muese did not intend to miss a single item of the nauseating programme. There were some white girls to be sold, he said, and he must stay until the sale was over.

The tall Tuareg who had announced the dance stepped on to the platform again, leading by the hand a white girl. She was a girl of about twenty-five, tall, slim, with a mass of fair hair falling about her bare shoulders.

She seemed dazed and quite unconscious of her surroundings, and the glazed look of her eyes told me that she was heavily drugged. That was a mercy, anyway.

The bidding started without any previous selling talk, and the price advanced rapidly. I noted that only the Tuaregs, who were seated close to the platform, took part in the bidding, and soon all but two of them had retired.

For some minutes these two bid against each other, and then launched into a heated argument, which rapidly developed into an angry quarrel.

Muese watched them for a time with a cynical smile on his lips, and then he got up and strode to where the two men stood glowering at each other across the girl.

"Stop talking," he ordered sharply. "Fight for her."

Muese was evidently a person of authority, for the two Tuaregs instantly stopped their wrangling, released the girl and began to strip for the fight.

I watched them, fascinated, as they threw off their clothes and revealed their powerful, well-muscled arms and massive shoulders; and then, before I had a chance to seize his arm and hold him back, McCann had sprung to his feet and was striding to where Muese stood watching the combatants prepare for their fight. He grabbed Muese's shoulders with his ham-like hands and shook him furiously.

"Listen!" he exclaimed. "That girl ain't going to belong to any dirty Arab. I'll fight both the lousy sons of rats for her!"

I saw Muese push McCann away and move his hand towards his pistol, but before his hand got there McCann's arm

(*Continued on page 26*)

Fitness through the forties

WASHDAY REVOLUTIONIZED BY LATEST SCIENTIFIC WASHING TESTS

ONLY 2 MINUTES' BOILING OR 12 MINUTES' SOAKING NEEDED WITH RINSO

WASHING TESTS have just been made that completely revolutionize washday methods by revealing two amazing scientific facts. The tests show how to get dazzling results by a swifter, easier and more economical way of washing. Yet a way which, thanks to Rinso, is perfectly safe for the whole wash—does not fade fast colours—won't hurt hands.

First, these tests show that a 2 minutes' actual BOILING in Rinso is all you need to make your clothes absolutely clean.

Secondly, these tests show that clothes which don't need boiling, or can't stand such hot water, can be SOAKED clean in warm Rinso suds in 12 minutes.

The discovery of these two facts will turn washday into a very different thing for women in future. In this way of washing, science shows us that all other methods are ridiculously unpractical and old-fashioned.

DRASTIC CUT IN BOILING TIME

Hitherto women have boiled clothes for 30 or 40 minutes! Science laughs at this as being wasteful. If you use Rinso, all you need do is: pop the clothes into the copper with Rinso, bring to the boil in the usual way, then boil for 2 minutes only.

When 2 minutes are up, take the clothes out. No hard rubbing needed from you—just a light rub for any particularly grubby bits, and they will be spotless. No backache from bending over the washtub. Just 2 minutes' actual boiling in Rinso's rich suds, a quick wash-through and rinse—and you're through! A sparkling wash—with time, work and fuel saved!

Hitherto women have rubbed hard to get those clothes clean that don't need boiling or that should not be washed in hot water. Now there's no necessity at all to rub them hard. Simply let those things soak for just 12 minutes in Rinso's thick, creamy lather, then squeeze them gently in the suds. That's all! . . . A light rub where the dirt has been ground in, and everything will be perfectly clean!

Think how this new, swift way of washing cuts out hours of rubbing. How it saves you aches and pains; saves your clothes from being rubbed to shreds. And gets your wash out on the line hours sooner!

WHOLE WASHING DONE BY 1 WASHING AGENT

Rinso does the whole job for you—whether you boil the clothes or soak them. For Rinso's remarkable action is simply this. Down beneath that thick lather, there are masses of rich Rinso suds that loosen every speck of dirt, trap it, hold it fast, roll it away. That's why you don't have to rub the dirt out!

And that's why Rinso needs no outside help from any other washing agent. Rinso does your whole wash alone and unaided—and so saves you money.

Scientific test proves that Rinso works so much more efficiently than many washing powders that you pay *one-third less* to do your weekly wash with it.

But don't be afraid of Rinso's speed and ease in removing dirt. Rinso is absolutely safe because it is pure and *extra-concentrated*. There are no destructive chemicals in Rinso to fade colours, wear out fabrics or roughen hands.

Use Rinso next washday. In 2 minutes it boils your clothes clean. Or, in 12 minutes, it soaks them clean. Rinso saves your clothes. And Rinso saves you money, too! Get Rinso tomorrow for all your wash. 3½d., 6d. and 10d. a packet.

RINSO DOES YOUR WHOLE WASH ALONE AND UNAIDED

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£1,000 CASH WON IN CROSSWORD No. 23

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 23, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious Answers on one Square (see page 36) were those submitted by the following 13 competitors, who share the £800 offered as First Prize:—

F. Akhurst, 348, Shooters Hill Road, S.E.
G. B. Ball, The Bungalow, Wood Lane, Stannington, Sheffield.
R. M. Bredie, 217, North Road, Gabalfa, Cardiff.
W. E. Coltham, Thandiani, Dover Road, Sandwich, Kent.
R. J. Cox, 23, Vicars Close, Wells, Som.
Miss M. Excell, 5, Ballysillan Road, Ligoniel, Belfast.
W. Griffiths, 16, Davenham Avenue, Padgate Lane, Warrington.
Mrs. L. A. Little, Ugley, Bishops Stortford, Herts.
J. P. Lordan, 64, West End Lane, London, N.W.
L. Maguire, 85, Westmoreland Street, London, S.W.
L. A. Smith, 1, Waterloo Place, Cranbrook.
Miss M. Tay, 16, Richmond Terrace, Aberdare.
Mrs. A. Tomkins, 2, Benfield Street, Heywood, Lancs.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £61 10s. 10d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, July 21, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up.

This Prize has been divided between 228 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 13s. 2d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified. An additional £50 will be divided between Runners-up from whom "John Bull" received two sixpenny entries in same envelope.

A Surprise Award for each of 1,446 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer, will be posted on July 15.

Psst . . RICE KRISPIES *for* LUNCH

Children always look forward to Kellogg's Rice Krispies with the keenest of pleasure. The frisky little bubbles of pure, toasted rice go snap, crackle and pop the moment cold milk or cream is added. The kiddies are fascinated—and the flavour of Rice Krispies is so delicious.

You can serve Rice Krispies for any meal. They are welcomed by the whole family. No bother to prepare—no cooking. Serve straight from the inner-sealed WAXTITE packet which brings them crisp and oven-fresh to your table. Sold by all grocers.

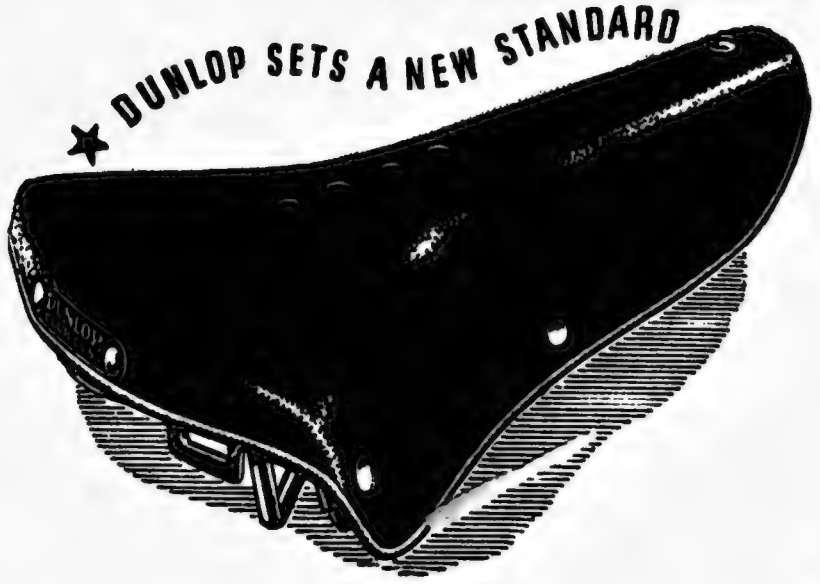
Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES

7½d Per Packet 443

You get more pleasure from cycling when your saddle is a

DUNLOP

Its pliant material is waterproof. Neither rain nor perspiration can make it uncomfortable or dangerous to health. No "breaking in"—an easy seat from the first, and *it can never lose its shape.* It is cool under all conditions.



DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM.
Branches throughout the World.

C.F.H.

6H/712

It *flies!*

It *banks!*

It *loops!*

It's YOURS...

Free!

Specially designed and made of Balsa wood, light but strong. Measures 14 ins. across.

GET THIS WORKING MODEL GLIDER - NOW

for two coupons from Puffed Wheat OR Puffed Rice packets

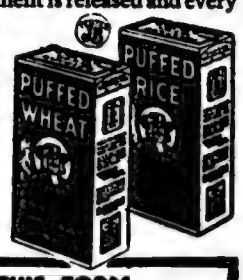
GET YOUR WORKING MODEL GLIDER *NOW—for 2 coupons from "Puffed" Wheat or "Puffed" Rice! You'll be thrilled when you see it—it's solidly made of wood, not cardboard, and measures 14 inches from wing-tip to wing-tip. It looks exactly like the real thing, and is propelled by a specially strong sling motor. And when you fly it—you'll be amazed at the things it can do—"stunts" just like an aeroplane: vertical banks, high flights, with wonderfully long glides; yes, and loops, too!*

Mother will be as keen as you as soon as she knows you want "Puffed" Wheat and "Puffed" Rice, "the foods shot from guns."

And you'll be keener still once you've tasted them. You'll find their crunchiness and delicious flavour irresistible!

And they're good for you, too! They are rich ripe grains of rice or wheat "expanded" to eight times normal size, so that every particle of nourishment is released and every indigestible starch granule broken up.

They're about the most delicious cereals you could have for breakfast—or at any other time! And they're ready-to-serve straight from the packet.



SEND THIS FORM WITH PACKET COUPONS

To Dept. J.B.6, Quaker Oats Ltd. 11 & 12 Finsbury Sq., London, E.C.2

I enclose two coupons from "Puffed" Wheat *or* "Puffed" Rice or one from each. Please send me the Special Quaker Glider with full particulars on assembly and flying.

WRITE IN CAPITAL LETTERS

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Post in 1½d. stamped, sealed envelope.

(Offer applies in Gt. Britain & N. Ireland only.)

P.1118

I Arrest a Slave Trader

(*Continued from page 24*)

swung and Muese went sprawling on the floor. Instantly figures rose from the cushions and came surging towards the platform. I drew one of the pair of Mausers which were hidden under my ragged coat and sprang to my feet.

"Stand back, all of you!" I shouted in Arabic. "My friend has made a fair proposal. If the Tuareg nobles are not afraid to fight him, then let them fight!"

There was a chorus of agreement from the dope-crazed crowd, who were eager for another spectacle that might satisfy their morbid craving for the horrible, and the Tuareg nobles held a hurried consultation. They quickly came to a decision, and one of the two men who had been about to fight for the girl stepped towards McCann.

"We will fight you," he said shortly, turned away and joined his ally, who had moved to the further end of the platform.

McCann stripped to the waist. He was a splendid specimen of a man, with huge hands, and arms and shoulders even more powerful than those of the Tuaregs.

But the coming fight would depend not so much on strength as on cunning and agility and adroitness with the knife. It seemed inevitable that I should have to use my pistol. McCann, however, was quite unconcerned, as he always was on these occasions, and accepted with a grin the long knife which one of the attendants brought him.

Under the Lash,

one of the chief traffickers is made to talk. His information leads the investigators into fresh perils; McCann disappears and "Operator 1384" is subjected to a murderous night attack in an Arab cafe.

These are some of the thrills in next week's instalment.

Escape!

McCann advanced to the centre of the platform and stood still, eyeing the two Tuaregs as they crouched at the further end of it, with their eyes fixed on him, waiting for him to make an opening.

But McCann did nothing of the sort. He sprang forward and with a mighty heave of his huge arms picked the pair of them up and flung them off the platform.

As they crashed to the floor I noticed that Muese, who had been lying without a movement where McCann's fist had put him, was slowly rising to his feet. The next instant he had drawn his pistol and pointed it in McCann's direction. Without a second's hesitation I put a bullet through his shoulder. His pistol clattered to the floor, and he collapsed with a scream.

Instantly the place was in an uproar. I saw McCann grab the girl, who all the time had been standing at the back of the platform, and begin to run towards the exit. I forced my way towards him through the surging, yelling spectators, and as I got within a foot of him, I turned for a moment and put a couple of shots through the hanging lantern. The cellar was plunged in darkness.

I found McCann's belt and clung to it as he thrust his way after the girl through the crowd of screaming, cursing men and women. Somehow we got to the foot of some stairs. Two men, each with a gun in his hand, barred our way. But McCann was too quick for them. A couple of shots crashed out and the two men fell. We rushed up the stairs, flung open the door and found ourselves in the street.

"'The barracks!" I cried.

McCann turned and picked up the girl in his massive arms and we set off at a run. At the barracks we found a hard-boiled Commandant in charge. The sudden appearance of two bedraggled ruffians, who strode into his office and dumped on a chair a half-fainting white girl, certainly upset his equilibrium. He was proposing to put us in the cells, but we produced our *cartes d'identité*, which instantly brought him to a more tractable frame of mind.

Throughout the time of my service with *L'Espionnage Central* I never knew a case of an officer of the French Army refusing to give instant and willing obedience to the orders of a Secret Service agent.

It should be clearly understood that *L'Espionnage Central*, which is the Secret Service of the French Foreign Legion, operating entirely in the French Colonial possessions, is an entirely different organisation from the Secret Service of France, and when I speak of the Secret Service it is the Secret Service of the Foreign Legion only to which I am referring.

Tricked

I handed over the girl to be taken care of at the officers' married quarters, and arranged that she should be sent to the Headquarters of the *Bureau Arabe* at Tunis, where I knew that steps would be taken to secure for her, through the British Consul, a free passage back to England.

Before we said good-bye to her, however, she told us her story.

Her name was Frances Beacon. Her parents were dead, and she was alone in the world except for a brother, somewhere in South Africa. Six months ago she had been employed in London as a dressmaker, but she had lost her job and for weeks on end had spent her time scanning the advertisements in the "Wanted" columns of the newspapers. At last she came across one which she thought might possibly suit her, which read as follows:

"Wanted—a smart English girl to act as companion to an old lady."

She applied for the job, was questioned closely as to what relatives she had, and was told that she could have the job, provided she was prepared to travel abroad. The salary offered was a good one.

She was told that she was to meet her employer at Marseilles, where she was to travel by sea; and by the time she had reached her destination, she was irrevocably committed, thanks to the administration of drugs, to the life for which, as she realised all too late, she had been intended from the outset.

Eventually she was shipped to Africa, where, as a profitable investment, she fetched a high price.

The next day McCann and I decided that we would return to the hide-out to which Muese had taken us and see if we could pick up any information.

A few enquiries in the town revealed the fact that the caravan had left Tuat a few hours after we had escaped from the cellar; as far as we could discover, however, no white man had gone with it, which pointed to the likelihood that Muese's wound was proving troublesome and he had been obliged to remain behind in Tuat.

If that was so, our job was to arrest him and extract from him every bit of information which he could give us, though it was pretty certain that after last night's affair he would not willingly confide in us any more.

We decided, however, that we would do our best to persuade him that McCann regretted his impetuous behaviour, and that we were both still ready to work with him if he would overlook the incident.

We waited until it was dark, and then, still wearing our ragged clothes, we left the barracks and found our way to the old shoe shop to which Muese had taken us.

I knocked twice on the door, as Muese had done, and a few moments later the grille was opened and a man's face appeared at it. Remembering the sign which Muese had given, I drew two fingers, from left to right, across my throat, and rather to my surprise the door was promptly opened.

Capture

McCann and I stepped inside, and as the door was shut behind us, I turned and faced the Arab and asked him where Muese was. Without hesitation he led the way along the passage and down the steps. Outside a door he paused. McCann flung the door open and went in, and I followed him.

Muese, with his right arm in a sling, was seated on the edge of his bed, and as he saw us, he sprang angrily to his feet.

He began struggling furiously, shouting for help at the top of his voice. But we couldn't have that sort of thing. McCann brought the butt end of his pistol down on his head and he collapsed on to the floor.

While McCann was trussing up Muese, with all the efficiency of an experienced agent of *L'Epionnage Central*, I opened the door and stepped into the passage. A little way along it stood the man who had let us into the place. I beckoned to him, and as he came up to me I stuck my pistol against his ribs.

"Lead the way out," I said, "and if you open your mouth, I'll drill a hole in you."

He was too scared to make any protest.

(*To be continued*)

Care-free Holidays

Registered readers and their families will continue to be covered by JOHN BULL'S free family insurance while on holiday in Great Britain, Ireland, Channel Islands or the Isle of Man. Also under the exclusive fire section, readers' household effects continue to be safeguarded against fire and burglary.

Simply instruct your newsagent to resume regular delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on your return and take JOHN BULL while away.

Fill in the forms on page 2 at once.

Go about your work in

COOL, CRISP LINEN

PATTERN OF ENCHANTING OVERALL — FREE!

A FAMOUS West-End Designer has created an enchanting Overall, and a pattern of this delightful model is offered free to every reader of this paper through the generosity of the manufacturers of Robin Starch. All you have to do is to collect the lids from packets of Robin Starch and the free pattern comes in exchange for one Lid bearing the price from one 10d. packet or its equivalent from 5d., 2½d., 1½d. or 1d. packets. Sizes are 32", 34", 36", 38" and 40" (bust). When sending, be sure to ask for free pattern R.P.16, mention that you saw the offer in "John Bull," and post your Robin Starch Lids in sealed stamped envelope, addressed to Pattern Dept., Reckitt & Sons Ltd., Hull.

AS THEY SAY AT THE LOCAL FLOWER SHOW:

'BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN
they're blended better

THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

THE TUBE

that made the biggest 'bag' of beards this morning!

Palmolive Shaving Cream is the beards' public enemy No. 1! Definitely No. 1, because no other shaving preparation equals it in popularity. Read these famous five points and you'll understand why!

1 Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2 Softens the beard in one minute.
3 Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4 Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5 Fine after-effects due to olive and palm oil content.

6D AND 1/-

PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief and Certain Cure.

The danger of Piles is not readily understood because the trouble is seldom talked about, but you can't mistake the symptoms. That heavy, dragging, "bearing-down" which saps your energy and makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work; swelling, pain and a burning irritation which nothing seems to relieve; hæmorrhage and protrusion.

The **MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE**—a doctor's formula—can be relied upon to give instant relief and permanently heal, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Thousands of former sufferers are grateful to the **MAGIC PILE CURE** for their present good health.

"I received greater relief from your Magic Pile Cure in one week than during 10 years of treatment in hospital."—A. S., Guildford.

Piles undermine the system both mentally and physically; surgical methods are unnecessary and unwise. If you are suffering from any form of rectal trouble, be persuaded to try **MAGIC PILE CURE**. The first application of this soothing treatment will reduce protrusions, check irritation and hæmorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how stubborn or long-standing the case may be. So why continue to suffer? **FREE SAMPLE** gladly sent on request to—

MAGIC LABORATORIES, M.B.18, NEW COURT, FARRINGDON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

THIS WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY No 13

WHAT IS THE OUTDOOR CHOCOLATE? It's a fine smooth chocolate with crisp almonds and juicy raisins—Rowntree's Motoring. Remember the name.

MODEL HUSBAND

Mr. Badger's very particular about cleanliness. He wipes his feet before going indoors, spring cleans by replacing old bedding with new bracken and grass, and has ingeniously contrived sinks in his burrow to deposit food remnants.

COUSINS MANY TIMES REMOVED

The nectarine, apricot, peach, plum and cherry; the apple, pear and quince; the medlar, blackberry and raspberry; the strawberry—all these fruits are members of the Rose family.

THROWING THE WEDDING CAKE!

In the Middle Ages dry cakes made from wheat were thrown at the bride and broken over her head as she entered the church. They were the forerunners of our modern wedding cake. Luckily for brides of today customs change.

A POCKET DYNAMO

Handy to slip in your pocket, this ¼-lb. block of Motoring; yet it gives you enough muscle-energy to walk 10 miles. That's the chocolate for out-of-doors—the chocolate made for you. It's flavour and energy in a thirst-quenching combination of chocolate, fruit and nuts. Every mouthful's packed with stamina. If you're out on a long tramp, there's no better company.

ROWNTREE'S MOTORING CHOCOLATE
THE OUTDOOR CHOCOLATE 2 ozs. 2d.

You're lucky

but Dumas . . . with all his fertile imagination could not think of a way of subduing that ferocious hair of his. A friend told him he was risking social ostracism by permitting such hirsute anarchy but, as he wittily remarked: "On my own head be it". He invented such famous characters as the Three Musketeers and the Count of Monte Cristo but it was left to Field's to invent the perfect solid brilliantine. Field's Lavender Solid Brilliantine gives hair-smartness and hair-health. Regular use relieves dry-scalp and dandruff—the causes of baldness. A full size tin costs only 3d. You *can* pay four times as much—but *why should you?*

FIELD'S *Solid*
BRILLIANTINE
IN THE FAMOUS *Lavender* SERIES

Try Field's Lavender Shaving Stick or Shaving Cream. Also Toilet Soap, Liquid Brilliantine, Hair Cream, Dental Cream, Bath Cubes, Talcum Powder. Obtainable everywhere.

3D 6D PERTIN PERFUME

Gastric Stomach

Pains Ended

I Took Two Rennies after meals

'I have suffered with a Gastric Stomach and no appetite for about 4 years. I have tried almost all the advertised Indigestion remedies, and certainly some of them have relieved me for a few days, then the same trouble again. About 6 weeks ago I saw Digestif Rennie advertised, so I went to the chemists in Market Street and purchased a 6d. packet. After taking two tablets I felt better, and now I can eat pickles and things I dare not even look at before. I have given several tablets to my customers, and there are now at least 6 indigestion sufferers here who are delighted with Digestif Rennie Tablets.' *T. A., Lancs.*

Digestif Rennie Pastilles go to the root cause of indigestion in a way that has never been done before. They contain antacids which neutralise excess acid—the cause of nearly all digestive disorders. When excess acid has been neutralised indigestion *simply cannot start.* And in the marvellous Digestif Rennie Formula there are also absorbents to free you of stomach gas, and ferments which *actively help to digest food.* End your indigestion once and for all with this amazing new scientific discovery. Digestif Rennie Pastilles are pleasant to take and they're wrapped in wax paper.

Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family Size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie

You suck it like a sweet.

One of Hartley's victims — George Porter, who worked at the kinema and lost his savings of £300

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs

CROOKED 'BOSS' of the Kinema

HALF a score of different places in England and Scotland figure in the events which I have to record this week.

They are joined together by the dubious activities of a plausible and persuasive individual called James Hartley. But he is not particular as to title, for he uses an assortment of names.

Hartley is by way of being a kinema chief of surprising enterprise—that is when he can secure the necessary finance from other people.

My information indicates that he intends to pursue this moving picture business. Therefore, as a safeguard to the public, I shall give the story of his most recent and disastrous adventures in the County of Kent.

The story begins at Chesham Bois, on the Buckinghamshire uplands, extends to Edinburgh and far away Inverness; takes in Birmingham and Coventry on the "return journey," and ends in the small township of Swanscombe, the centre of the Kentish cement industry, between Gravesend and Dartford, where the police-court takes a hand.

WE have at first James Hartley living in a rented furnished house at Chesham Bois and advertising in the Edinburgh *Scotsman* under "situations vacant" as follows: "Gentleman requires young man to assist in the kinema business."

A young hotel manager, named George Porter, employed at Inverness, answers the advertisement, and at an interview with Hartley is told of a scheme to take over the Jubilee Kinema at Swanscombe.

Every sort of assurance of prospective good fortune is given by Hartley, and, as a result of the negotiations, Porter hands over his savings—amounting to £300—for investment in the kinema, on the understanding that he will receive a salary for work done, interest, and the eventual return of his capital.

So the Jubilee Kinema, Swanscombe, is launched. It is well equipped by Hartley, mainly on the instalment payment plan, as "Swanscombe's small but super-kinema."

Other advertisements in Midland and Scottish newspapers draw further financial support—£600 from a Mr. T. Elworthy, who is designated manager of the kinema; £150 from a Mr. Johnson, of Dunfermline, and £30 from a resident in Coventry.

Established at Swanscombe, James Hartley becomes the prime mover of the district. He leads every local campaign and is indeed a kind of pet of the parish.

His entertainment is lavish. His hire-purchase, fast American car is always available to anyone who wants a lift. He cultivates particularly the children of the district, and to them is "Uncle Jim," a generous benefactor.

"My intention," declares James Hartley, "is to put Swanscombe, with its 9,000 inhabitants, on the map."

A slogan he devises is "Stick to Swanscombe," and all his kinema advertising matter bears the initials "S. T. S."

HE inaugurates a Traders' Association for the little town, the main object of which is to prevent the local residents from spending their money at the shops in Gravesend and Dartford.

Among the things he did was to present a colour to the Greenhithe branch of the "Old Contemptibles."

On one occasion Hartley welcomed the Mayor of Gravesend on the stage of his Jubilee Kinema, when there was a hospital carnival and the Beauty Queen was crowned.

There were other special events in which this enterprising kinema chief took the limelight of local publicity; matinées with prizes for child entertainers; a competition to select a Swanscombe kinema star, and performances in aid of hospitals.

During this period the kinema was doing well. Often, I am informed, the receipts were as much as £30 a week. This money went to Hartley.

Those who had invested with him received nothing. Porter, the young Scotsman, was employed in odd jobs, but was never paid a penny in wages.

Whenever Hartley was tackled on the question of salary, he had a ready excuse about the heavy expenses of the undertaking. Porter carried on in desperation, hoping that sooner or later something would be forthcoming.

It was the same with Elworthy, who had parted with £600 and received the valueless appointment of manager. Finally Elworthy decided to cut his losses and returned to the Midlands.

Eventually, when troubles were piling up, "Uncle Jim of Swanscombe" made a sudden and secretive disappearance. One Sunday Hartley called at the kinema, took away what money was in the till after the Saturday performance, and vanished into the blue.

And he has not been seen again in the district.

There are summonses standing against him on the instance of the Inland Revenue authorities alleging the continued sale of admission tickets to the kinema without the payment of entertainment tax.

Actually, poor, unfortunate George Porter, who had lost £300 through Hartley, was summoned for aiding and abetting in this offence.

Porter answered the charge at the Dartford Police Court, and when all the circumstances were explained to the magistrates he was bound over as a first offender on payment of costs.

A statement was made in court that James Hartley, the principal, could not be found.

There was another disclosure that Hartley — before he decamped — had secured no less than £1,600 from two residents in Northfleet for his Jubilee Kinema.

So it would appear that, in a comparatively short period, he lined his pocket well and truly at the expense of trusting investors.

I CAN reveal that James Hartley has operated under no fewer than seventeen different names. His real name is believed to be Allen. His motor-car, however, was registered in the name of Calthorpe. Another alias is Kenyon. Sometimes he assumes the title of "captain."

According to enquiries, Hartley has had previous connections with Kingston-on-Thames and Southend-on-Sea.

My information shows that he was recently in Portsmouth devising new methods of money-making at the expense of the unwary.

His record proves the man to be completely untrustworthy; a financial adventurer who has no thought for his dupes.

The heavy losses of the unlucky people who trusted him as proprietor of the Jubilee Kinema, Swanscombe, should be a lesson to others.

Greatest of These

Poignant Cry

Joan

"WE don't want to be turned out," is the cry of five-year-old Joan's mother. And she has cause for anxiety, for her rent of 10s. a week is eight weeks in arrears.

The reason is not far to seek. Joan's disabled ex-Service dad has had no regular work for the past two years. He was wounded in the leg and thigh during the war, and he suffers from gastritis.

"Joan's father," writes the Deaconess of their church, "is a man who would work if it could be found."

Joan's mother has five children under fourteen, of whom Joan is the youngest.

"We have done our best to look after the children, and gone without ourselves," Joan's mother explained.

A summons has been issued on these already over-worried parents, and they are threatened with eviction if the rent arrears are not paid.

Donations earmarked "Joan," or for the General Fund should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Many thanks to "Unknown."

HIKERS KNOW
They dust Keating's round their ankles. No fear of painful irritation or dangerous bites then. Cartels: 2d., 6d. and 1/-. Powder Flasks, 1/-.
KEATING'S KILLS
BEETLES, MOTHS, FLEAS etc., even Bugs
BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

Saturday Morning!

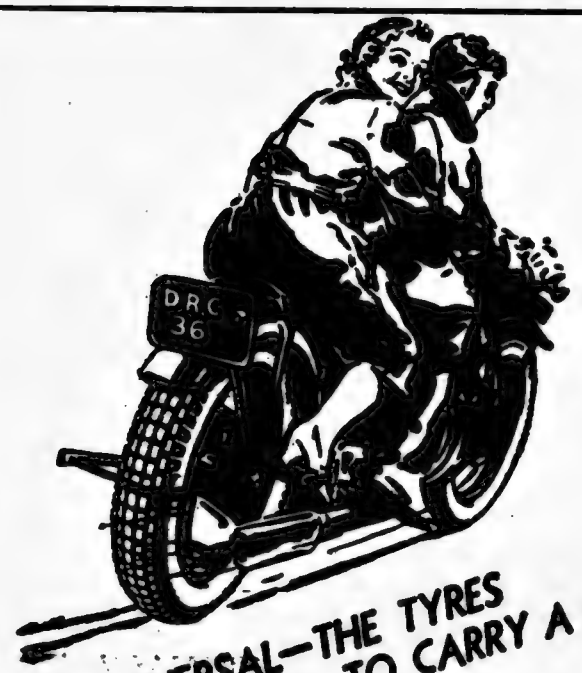
There's the big match on this afternoon—a special occasion. What about something rather special to smoke? Obviously Wills's Whiffs—mild, cool, real cigar flavour *and* quite inexpensive.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6d. 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

WW22



DUNLOP UNIVERSAL—THE TYRES TO CARRY A COUPLE.

YOU WILL TOUR WITH GREATEST SAFETY ON THE

DUNLOP

Universal

THE GREAT ALL PURPOSE MOTOR CYCLE TYRE

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., Fort Dunlop, Birmingham. *Branches throughout the World.* PRICES FROM **18/6**

6H/213 C.F.H.

£1,000 SLOGAN COMPETITION

RIZLA

NEUTRA NICOTINE

SMOKERS CHEWING GUM

3 Separate Competitions DURING **JULY·AUG:SEPT:** 1936

for the **BEST SLOGANS** of **EACH MONTH**

1st Prize £100 · 2nd Prize £50 · 3rd Prize £25

100 PRIZES OF £1 ···· 100 PRIZES OF 10/-

1000 MERIT AWARDS OF A RIZLA DE LUXE CIGARETTE ROLLING OUTFIT

THESE PRIZES WILL BE REPEATED EACH MONTH

Write out a slogan or slogans, summing up in a single sentence the virtues of Rizla Neutra Nicotine Smokers' Chewing Gum. Examples:

RIZLA—THE GUM WITH A PLUS.
SMOKE AND KEEP FIT WITH RIZLA.
RIZLA—SAFEGUARDS SMOKERS, COMBATS NICOTINE.

You may send in as many slogans as you like, but each slogan must be accompanied by the outer band from a 1d. packet of Rizla Smokers' Chewing Gum (7 packets for 6d.).

There are 3 Competitions, one for each month—July, August and September, 1936. The Prize-winners will be announced on the 7th day of the following month in the "Daily Express" and "Daily Herald," and prizes will be dispatched on the following day.

To get inspiration for a good slogan read these claims:—

Rizla Smokers' Chewing Gum

1. Combats Nicotine.
2. Removes Tobacco Staleness.
3. Cleans the Palate.
4. Freshens every Smoke.
5. Definitely Aids Digestion.
6. Is marvellous for that "Hang over" feeling the morning after the night before. (Try it and see!)
7. Is good for the Teeth and Gums.
8. Sweetens the Breath.
9. Adds a New Zest to Life.
10. Is the Smokers' Own Gum.

SUMMARY OF CONDITIONS OF ENTRY FOR THE 3 COMPETITIONS

Send in as many Slogans as you like so long as each Slogan is accompanied by the outer band from a 1d. packet of Rizla Smokers' Chewing Gum (7 packets for 6d.)—the slogans will be included for judging in the Competition running on the day your efforts reach us. You may enter every one of the three Competitions, and a prize-winner in one competition is not debarred from winning a prize in the others. Also, for example, a slogan that fails to win a prize in the first competition may succeed in the next if you send it in again. Every slogan received will be carefully considered by competent adjudicators under the direction of the Managing Director of Rizla Cigarette Papers and the Managing Director of the Kennington Advertising Service. The first prize will be awarded to the entrant who in the opinion of the adjudicators, forwards the most apt and meritorious slogan, and other prizes will be awarded for the next most apt and meritorious entries. The decision of the Managing Director of the Rizla Chewing Gum and Cigarette Papers is final and binding. All Slogans submitted become the absolute property of the Rizla Co.

Write your slogans here or on a piece of plain paper, attach your name and address and post to us in sealed envelope under a 1½d. stamp. Closing date for each competition is July 31st, August 31st, and September 30th.

SLOGAN 1. .....

2. .....

3. .....

4. .....

5. .....

6. .....

7. .....

I enclose Slogan(s) for the current month's Competition (each one accompanied by the band from a 1d. packet of Rizla Smokers' Chewing Gum) and agree to abide by the Rules.

Write your name and address in block letters, together with your Tobacconist's address, on a sheet of notepaper. If you prefer it, special forms are obtainable from your Tobacconist.

Address your envelope:

SLOGAN COMPETITION,
RIZLA CIGARETTE PAPERS,
THREEWAYS HOUSE,
42, CLIPSTONE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Rizla—the gum with a plus—1 DEE PKT OR 7 PKTS 6

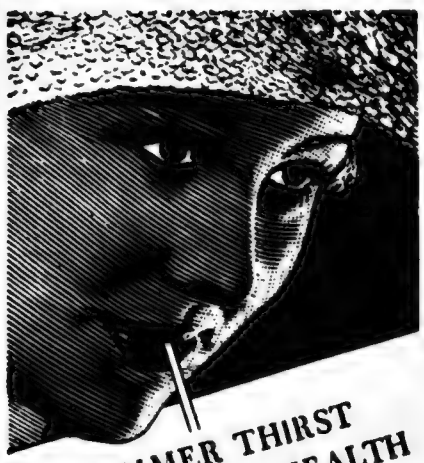
"I help to pick the fruit which provides the juice for

CHIVERS JELLIES

Fruit picking is not happy-go-lucky work on Chivers' farms. It's a skilled job here, for our factory insists on highest possible quality. Each year hundreds of tons of the fruits we pick on these farms are used to provide the juices for Chivers' Jellies. That's one reason why Chivers' Jellies taste so good and that's why I'm proud to recommend them to all my friends."

Ingr C Rawlence

ONE OF OVER 2,000 HELPERS EMPLOYED BY CHIVERS & SONS LTD., HISTON, CAMBRIDGE AND MONTROSE.



For SUMMER THIRST and SUMMER HEALTH

EIFFEL TOWER LEMON-BARLEY

30 tumblers from each 8½d bottle

Messina Lemons and finest Barley without preservatives

A FOSTER CLARK PRODUCT

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS

A PARSON Confesses

"In this matter of accepting God's gift I have not practised what it is my duty to preach . . ."

I AM a minister of religion to whom Friday night is sermon night. I run through a concordance to the Scriptures in search of a suitable text for my Sunday evening pulpit discourse.

But there is one lesson repeated over and over again in the Bible that I hesitate to teach. "Be fruitful and multiply" is one rendering of it. When I do select it for a Sunday sermon it is with considerable unwillingness, and when I utter it the words sometimes seem to stick in my throat.

For in this matter of accepting God's gift of children I have not practised what it is my duty as a minister of religion to preach.

My wife and I—loving children dearly, which makes matters considerably worse—have been parties to an agreement which, intended only to save us from "the trouble" of children in our early married years, has ended by cheating us of one of the biggest hopes and ambitions of our lives.

At times I have felt like revealing our secret pact — for such that agreement was—from my pulpit, but always I have lacked the courage. Now I can reveal it here—less bravely, perhaps, seeing that it will be strictly anonymous, but at least to a far wider public.

My story begins twelve years ago, when I was in my middle twenties and I proposed to and was accepted by a very fine woman who was just a week my junior.

Shortly before the wedding we went along to see our home being prepared. I remember we talked about my business ambitions on the way there, for apart from a few appearances as a local preacher my whole life at the time was wrapped up with making myself rich and famous.

From talk of the promotion I expected, and the big things I was going to do in life, the subject of our discussion veered round to children. I called them "encumbrances," I remember, and my wife, to her everlasting credit in my eyes, disagreed most violently.

BUT I was a man with just about ten times the strength of will of my future wife, and there and then, on the threshold of the house that was going to be our home, we reached a mutual agreement not to have a child for at least two years, by which time, I forecast, my prospects would have increased enormously.

Two years quickly sped by—years in which, I am afraid, we thought far more of pleasure than we should have done. And then a remarkable change came over the horizon of our lives.

For several months I had felt an inward urge to abandon my material prospects and desires and become a minister of the gospel with my own particular denomination. Then I underwent a similar experience to that of Moses. I received a plain and unmistakable call in a manner I would not care to elaborate on here.

I spent months on preparation and making necessary arrangements, and at the end of twelve months I entered a training college, satisfied that there could now be no question of a little one coming into our lives for several years at least.

But I sometimes wondered whether we had done the right thing in those first two years of married life when it would have been so easy to have shouldered the expense of giving a baby its start in life.

Three more years went by. I had been appointed to a well-known town in Yorkshire, and my excuse to myself for not having children at that time was that my time was fully occupied in becoming conversant with my new duties.

At last I felt I had turned the corner, so to speak, in my new sphere of life: said so much to my wife; and at last our thoughts turned to the question of putting the final seal of happiness to our union.

But the decision, now, no longer lay with us.

Quite suddenly there were signs that my health was beginning to give way. I saw a doctor, became worse, voluntarily went to a hospital, and there received my first shock when I was told not on any account to leave the place before an eye specialist had seen me.

If that were a blow, far worse followed when I was given a card for immediate admission and was taken away to a ward, while my wife received instructions from the police to proceed at once to the hospital.

FOR eight long, wearying months I stayed in that place. For two weeks of the time I was almost completely blind. Then, after my discharge, I had to go back for an operation.

More weeks in a nursing home in London, a long period of convalescence during which time I felt I was never going to be well again, and at last I was appointed to a place in the South.

After months of strenuous chapel ministry, in which my wife gave me wonderful help, she at last told me the news that I was hoping to hear—that a baby was coming to us.

Alas! for our joy: it was to be very shortlived. Scarcely four months had passed when my wife was taken so ill that a doctor and skilled nurse had to attend her.

An operation was deemed necessary, and we were told that no longer could we anticipate the happy event for which we had been almost living. Recuperation was a very slow and tedious matter, and once I thought I was going to lose her. My cup of sorrow was really full to overflowing when the doctor called me on to the staircase one day and discussed things with me more intimately than was possible in my wife's bedroom.

Two points alone of that conversation are important to this article.

One is that he told me quite frankly that we could never hope to have a child of our own.

The other is that when I asked him whether he knew of any reason why we couldn't have become parents ten years or so before, he replied with: "No reason whatsoever. In fact, I am quite confident about it."

Here is the sequel: Some time ago there appeared in JOHN BULL, of which I have been a reader for close on sixteen years, an article on child adoption in which the procedure of adoption was closely described.

Soon my wife and I were in negotiation with a religious organisation, found ourselves looking covetously at a winsome little girl of four months, were confronted with papers.

Then, on June 24, 1936, we found ourselves before a judge in his private room, saw him examine our marriage lines, helped him to verify statements I had given as to my position, and finally heard the child's mother asked whether she was willing to give complete surrender and her soft reply, "Yes, sir."

She is with us now, one mother's sacrifice, our joy.

One day the whole world will think that she is *really* ours, as she could have been in all truth if the Rev. —— had been without the selfish streak that few of his flock ever suspect.

Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul. Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be "Strictly Anonymous."

A LEGACY OF STOMACH TROUBLES

If there is one legacy we can all do without it is the kind that came to Mr. H. W. H., of Didcot. "During the War," he writes, "I was taken prisoner, and the scarcity and poor quality of the food with which we were supplied left me with a legacy of stomach troubles.

"I was a martyr to biliousness and indigestion with sick headaches, to such an extent that I used to anticipate an attack after every meal. I had tried many cures without obtaining relief until, happening to see Maclean Brand Stomach Powder advertised, I thought I would give it a trial.

"The first bottle I took gave such speedy relief that I continued with the treatment. I could soon eat my meals without anticipating any subsequent trouble.

"I occasionally get a slight touch of stomach trouble, but as I now always keep a bottle of your Maclean Brand Stomach Powder in the house, a dose of it soon relieves the trouble."

The blessed relief that comes from using Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is worth untold gold. But do not experiment with unproved remedies. Insist on MACLEAN BRAND—you can easily tell it by the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the bottle. 1/3, 2/- and 5/-, powder or tablets. Never sold loose. [Advt.]

DON'T RISK GOOD CLOTHES WITH HARSH CHEMICALS!

TWENTY minutes boiling with Preservene is twenty minutes gentle coaxing into cleanliness. It's all the most soiled clothes need. But they do need that 20 minutes—not merely to cleanse, but for safety's sake as well.

Never risk using harsh chemicals and lightning cleaners. You have only to think of their effect on your own hands to realise how injurious they can be to fabrics.

PRESERVENE IS GENTLE

The Preservene way of washing is gentleness itself. No less efficient for that. **It's the Glycerine in Preservene that does it.** Gently but surely, this wonderful natural solvent penetrates and cleanses the soiled linen. The dirt just floats off. When you rinse, there isn't a trace of it left. Clothes are sweet and white—sound and whole. Those 20 minutes boiling mean months of extra wear. Preservene is so pure that many people use it as a bath soap. Why not? The emollient glycerine action is as kind to your skin as to delicate fabrics.

CONCENTRATED PRESERVENE

Now 5½D. a bar

COUPON SAVE FOURTEEN WRAPPERS AND THIS COUPON. In return you may select either a white hemstitched pillowcase (size 19 in. by 29 in.) or a fancy coloured bath towel (size 22 in. by 44 in.) or a fancy coloured apron from a wide range of colourings. Please post your 15 wrappers (or 14 and this coupon), stating which gift you would like and giving your name and address to Preservene Ltd., Dept. J.B.7, Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2. 18/7/36

FENNINGS' FEVER CURER

SOLD IN BOTTLES at 1/3.

INSIST ON FENNINGS'

FOR INFLUENZA COLDS & FEVERS

70 YEARS REPUTATION

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

"MY DENTIST WAS REALLY CROSS"

"He asked me if I'd been cleaning my teeth with sandpaper—or what? Said the enamel was worn practically through in parts. So now I *never* use rough, abrasive tooth pastes: I use Odol—which the dentist advised. It's amazing how much smoother Odol feels if you test it between your teeth. You *know* Odol can't be scratching—even though it whitens so wonderfully."

ODOL IS SAFE—particles only 1 micron in diameter (4/100,000ths")—no gritty abrasive whatsoever. Odol cannot possibly scratch the enamel. Odol contains peroxide . . . and peroxide whitens teeth safely. Odol contains chlorates, too—they strengthen the gums. Odol keeps teeth clean—and clean teeth are safe teeth. Odol refreshes your mouth with a fresh, pleasant taste.

Odol TOOTH PASTE

Tubes 6d. & 1/-

Let's see your **Odol Smile!**

£5 CASH and 20 other prizes every week for **'SUNNY SNAPS'**

Each week's Competition closes when the final post reaches Cranbux on the Saturday. Winners will be announced in the "Daily Mirror" and "Daily Sketch" the following Friday. The decision of the General Manager of Cranbux Ltd. is final. Write your name on the back of each snap, and post to Cranbux Ltd., ODOL Sunny Snaps (Dept. J.B.1), Norwich. Please mark top left-hand corner of envelope "Competition." The final weekly competition ends on Saturday, October 3rd, 1936.

● *Each snap entered must be accompanied by an empty* ODOL *Tooth Paste Carton, 1/- size, or two 6d. size cartons. Two entries may be sent with a 1/9 size carton. All winning snaps become the property of Cranbux Ltd.; no snaps can be returned. Only amateurs may enter. Entries limited to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland.*

FREE! A TRIAL TUBE OF ODOL TOOTH PASTE

Try an Odol Smile! Post this coupon in an unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to Cranbux Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), Norwich, and a trial tube of Odol Tooth Paste will be sent you free and post free.

Name _____

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The Most Successful Course of All Time

H. BROOM

The World's Premier Physical Culture Expert

IT is safe to say that no book issued in connection with Physical Culture has been so much talked about as "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY." The first Edition is finished, and I am now able to offer the Second Edition.

This book should be in the hands of every reader of this journal whether desirous of taking the "International" Course or not.

The "International" Course is undoubtedly the Greatest Course of all time. This is not only my own view but the opinion of the Editors of all the Leading Journals, many thousands of pupils, 700 Doctors and 27 Police Forces.

You have had promises of Animal Strength in a few short days, but the "International" Course cannot make you like this—what it can do and what it really does is to give to you a far greater degree of Strength, Muscular development, with Increasing Speed and Suppleness much better and surer than any other method. This is not a promise, it is definitely proved to be so by the collection of the many thousands of letters from pupils who have received these results. The Editor of "Health and Strength" acclaimed this Course to be the Most Successful of all Time, and this opinion alone should be sufficient for you to want to investigate further

THE BROOM INTERNATIONAL COURSE

Consists of six monthly lessons. Now apparatus is used, including a new type of Spring Grip Dumb-bells, a new Leg Exerciser, a new Neck Exerciser . . . All-Steel Expander, and a Roller Weight Outfit . . . .

The Course really does give built in development . . . 2520 Pulsing Muscles and ROBUST Health and Strength and Stamina to endure and overcome the most exacting ordeals . . . many pupils have added 6 inches to chest, 2 inches to biceps, and, in numerous cases, shown an increase of 20 inches all round. Not Balloon or Forced Muscle, but development that will last and which can be applied to any test . . . It's the greatest P.C. Course for Results ever known. All I want to do is just to send you copies of the results so that you can check over with those you're getting . . . This Course includes everything you require to build built in development under a Special Money-Back Guarantee . . . The fee of 30/- for these lessons, fully illustrated with inspiring photos, can be paid for by such low payments as 1/- per week.

If you are interested and would like to investigate further, write for full details of this Course, and a copy of my Book, "The International Way," FREE.

FREE TO EVERY READER

Special Offer, 30/- or 1/- Weekly

85% OF ALL PUPILS HAVE REPORTED SATISFIED EVEN AFTER THE FIRST MONTH'S LESSON ONLY

TOTAL NUMBER OF TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED TO DATE 27,844

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Please send me a copy of your Book, "THE INTERNATIONAL WAY," and full particulars of your SPECIAL MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE without obligation.

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Please write in Block Letters. J.B.

Bradley's

KIDNEY TROUBLE

YOU CANNOT BE WELL IF YOUR KIDNEYS ARE AILING

If you have Kidney Trouble, however slight, Nature gives you drastic warning before very long. Usually this warning takes the form of a dull, nagging ache in the back, and if not heeded will soon make your life a misery. You will be unable to do your work, and sleepless nights will still further weaken you. Rheumatism, swollen, hot and inflamed joints bring home to you even more forcibly that your kidneys are crying out for relief.

Your kidneys, weakened by a chill or shock, or overworked through faulty dieting, are not doing their job of cleansing and filtering the blood. Not only are they choked and clogged with waste matter, but they are not cleansing the blood of uric acid, bacteria and other impurities, and so your whole system is being slowly poisoned.

Suspect Kidney Trouble if you have
RHEUMATISM BACKACHE
BLADDER TROUBLE SCIATICA
JOINT PAINS LUMBAGO
DISTURBED NIGHTS
or any Urinary Irregularities

Start taking De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills which act directly on the kidneys. They begin their healing work by reducing the inflammation in the kidneys, and toning them up so that they work perfectly once more. That backache stops, the awful pains die down, and as De Witts Pills gently cleanse and strengthen your kidneys you will become healthy and pain-free again. The relief brought by De Witts Pills is permanent because they remove the cause of your trouble. Be sure you get the genuine

DE WITTS
BRAND
KIDNEY & BLADDER PILLS

Prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

If you live in agony from piles, get MAN ZAN Brand Pile Remedy. Nothing so quickly ends the dreadful irritation, the weakening pain and banishes pile trouble for good. Get your supply of Man Zan in its easy, clean-to-use tube. Use it and be pile free and happy again. Man Zan costs but 3/- for the big supply.

Every Sufferer from INDIGESTION knows this to be true

He Wants Three Things and Wants Them Quickly.

1st Immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fulness, palpitation or flatulence.

2nd His inflamed or weakened stomach protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out.

3rd Help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All of these requirements are fully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

1st On entering the stomach it neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain and flatulence is relieved and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

2nd A valuable ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

3rd Another ingredient digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

By persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food without help.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De WITT'S Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Sold by all chemists at **1/6**

WOMEN WHO Live in Dread

—HUMAN— DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

H. G. WELLS in his book, "Men Like Gods," says: "Every night there are hundreds of thousands of people lying awake paralysed with fear when they ought to be fast asleep."

What a curse fear is. It torments us when we are children. "I'm afraid," we say, "afraid of the dark, afraid of the bogy man, afraid of the bully at school." And this demon fear haunts many people right through life.

Let me tell of three of my readers who are losing much of life's happiness because they are afraid. The first one is a woman who tells me that she is very happily married:

Two years after our wedding I accidentally overheard my mother telling somebody that my father had not died a natural death, as I had always supposed, but that he had committed suicide.

Shortly afterwards, my husband's work took him away for long periods from home. He knew how lonely it was for me, and remarked that it would not be so bad if we had a child. I told him I did not want one, although I kept from him the reason.

I do not think I should ever have married if I had known about father. I'm awfully happy with my husband, though I am afraid to tell him why I do not want a child in case it should destroy his love for me.

Why should the news of this man's unfortunate death destroy the love of her husband? He could not blame my correspondent in any way. She did not discover the secret herself until two years after her marriage. And why should it deprive her of the great joy of having children?

♣ ♣ ♣

Of course, a great deal depends upon the circumstances surrounding his act. He may have had a sudden brain storm caused by worry or ill-health. In that case it could not possibly affect future generations. It would be different if there had been prolonged and incurable insanity in the family.

Now let me advise my correspondent what to do. First of all she should have a talk with her mother and tell her frankly what she overheard. She could then ascertain the true facts concerning her father's death.

Then I suggest that she should see her doctor and explain the whole circumstances to him. I am sure he will reassure her, and I believe he will tell her that there is no reason why she should not have a child.

Secrets of this kind are always worse when they are "bottled up." All that is sinister often disappears when they are brought to the light of day.

A great number of my readers are "worried to death" about the risk of inherited disease. Here is a case in point. This correspondent says:

My husband and I have been married for seven years, and during this time he has had three minor accidents and has been ill four times with ear trouble. The last time he was laid up, about two years ago, our doctor told him that if the trouble started again he would have to go into hospital for surgical treatment.

And now it is beginning to show itself again, but he says he would rather go on

The demon fear haunts many people through life—and more often than not there is no cause or reason

until he cracks up than see the doctor. He has in mind that I should not be able to carry on with only the insurance money if he has to undergo treatment.

But there is another reason—his mother died of cancer and he believes he has it also. He says it is better to *think* you have an incurable disease than to *know* you have one. I am wondering if I am right in trying to persuade him to see the doctor.

We know that for the children's sake we must keep on hoping for the best. We are young and life should hold something good for us yet, but my husband broods about things and this terrifies me. Will you please tell me what is the best I can do for him?

I know how that husband feels. In my hospital experience I come across many patients who tell me that they would prefer to remain in doubt rather than risk hearing bad news. To that I always answer—but it may *not* be bad news.

In the majority of cases that contention is right. Surely it is far better to get to the root of the trouble—it may be only a minor one—and have it eradicated, rather than live under the perpetual shadow that something is seriously amiss?

♣ ♣ ♣

There is a further point. This husband is allowing valuable time to go by when he might be having treatment for his malady. The sooner it is attended to the quicker will be the cure.

The fact that his mother had cancer has no significance whatever. There are tens of thousands of people who are quite immune from the disease though it has been prevalent in their families.

A poignant case was brought to my notice only the other day. A young woman committed suicide because her fa[illegible] from this complaint. At the post-mortem examination there was not the slightest sign of any disease whatever.

It is so easy to brood upon these things until the molehill of fear becomes a mountain of despair. For the sake of his wife and his children, as well as himself, I hope this man will make up his mind to obtain medical advice.

I receive many letters from readers who suffer from strange fears. They tell me how frightened they become when in a closed room or in a crowd, or even travelling in a car.

Here is a woman who is terrified at the thought of a thunderstorm. Listen to what she says:

I have one great fear and it is always on my mind. I am simply terrified of thunder and lightning. I even dream of it and can see forked lightning very distinctly. I dread the thought of the summer for that one reason.

I try my hardest to take no notice of the storms and make up my mind that next time I will not mind, but as soon as I see the clouds appear and catch sight of lightning I get in a panic, and every nerve in my body is painful and upset.

I know my nerves are in a bad state, for I cannot bear to be left alone. I have a baby girl aged two years, and I do so want to be able to overcome this fear for her sake, otherwise I know I shall be the means of making her afraid too.

Please will you advise me what to do? I believe there is in London a hospital that deals with cases such as mine—can you tell me if this is right? I have been having local treatment for some time, but do not seem to be making much progress.

♣ ♣ ♣

There is a reason for this dread of thunder. And often it can be laid at the door of one's parents. Impressions formed during the days of childhood are not easily removed.

One mother I know used to fly into a cupboard at the first signs of a storm. Her son, now a grown-up man, does exactly the same thing. Parents should make every effort to hide their fear. I am glad my correspondent sees the wisdom of doing so.

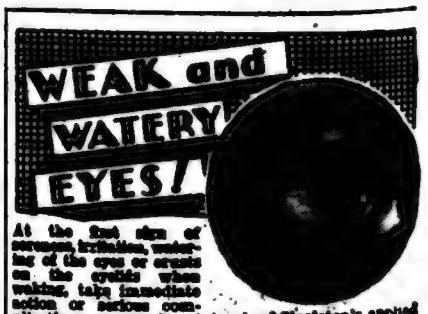
Now, from a danger standpoint, the risks from lightning are negligible. Not more than ten people in the country lose their lives in a year. And this out of a population of forty millions. It is far safer to be in a storm than to cross a crowded thoroughfare.

But I gather that the bad state of this woman's nerves is mainly responsible for her condition.

The hospital she has in mind is the Institute of Medical Psychology, Malet Place, London. I would therefore advise her to write to the Medical Superintendent and ask for an appointment.

I have personal knowledge of the fine work the Institute is doing, and I am sure that it will be able to render help in this case.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.



At the first sign of soreness, irritation, watering of the eyes or crusts on the eyelids when waking, take immediate action or serious complications may result. A touch of Singleton's applied at night will definitely soothe away irritation and heal and strengthen the eyes. EYE STRAIN, COLD, STYES, ULCERS, WEAK AND WATERY EYES, etc., yield at once to this unfailing remedy.

THIS SENT BY TEST FOR OVER 300 YEARS.

SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT

From all chemists or direct at 2/9 per pot.

FREE BOOK. To Stephen Green Ltd., 210, Lambeth Road,—London, S.E.1. Please send booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight."

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Beware of Imitations

Take It!

—And Stop Limping

LEG TROUBLES soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon disappear, skin troubles clear up, old wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, swellings go down, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical;* it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

You naturally ask—What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting booklet which explains in simple language the Elasto method of curing through the blood. Your copy is free, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which MUST be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue, and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation ; *the real basis of sound health!*

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force ; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality, and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve *instantly* on the tongue, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and most effective remedy ever devised. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this modern scientific remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago ; still quite fit."
"I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again." *Etc., Etc.*

Elasto corrects all Disorders of the Circulation, because it restores muscular tone to the Heart and contractility to Veins and Arteries, making them as healthy and as sound as ever.

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

We have set aside a number of free samples of Elasto for readers of "John Bull." To secure one of these all you have to do is to fill in the Coupon below and post it without delay to : The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd. (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C. Early application is advised, so post your coupon NOW—while you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto*

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT Co., Ltd.,
(Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME.....
(Please print in capital letters).
ADDRESS .....
"J.B." 18.7.36 .....

Elasto will save you pounds!

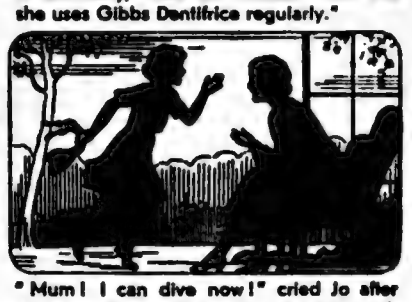
JOANNA'S IN THE SWIM NOW!

Thanks to GIBBS DENTIFRICE

"Cowardy custard!" taunted the little Paynes, as Joanna shivered on the brink. And even her special friends felt she "wasn't much fun." But Jo wasn't *really* cowardly.

She was nervy and run down. Mother wondered, "Perhaps her teeth . ." "Her mouth is unhealthy," said the Dentist. "See that she uses Gibbs Dentifrice regularly."

Jo's general health soon showed the difference that clean teeth and healthy mouth make! She fairly bubbled with high spirits. *Now* her friends found her a good sport.



"Mum! I can dive now!" cried Jo after swimming lesson. "I used to be frightened, but not now." "What a difference Gibbs has made to her spirits!" thought mother.

Gibbs Dentifrice foams its way irresistibly into every little crevice of gums and teeth, sweeps away impurities, neutralises acids, kills germs, refreshes and tones the whole mouth. Dentists heartily endorse Gibbs Dentifrice because Gibbs does its splendid work safely. Gibbs keeps teeth pearly with the sparkling whiteness of unscratched enamel. Change to Gibbs today!

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—*defend them with*

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS
SOLID CAKES
In Tins, 7½d. 1/-, 1/6. Refills 11d.
TOOTH PASTE
In Tubes, 6d & 1/-

GD120L

WHY I USE NEW VEET

1 *'New Veet'* ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.

2 *'New Veet'* leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.

3 *'New Veet'* is just like a toilet cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.

4 *'New Veet'* avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 6d. and 1/3.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Size: 16½ x 10 x 9½in.

This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class Set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient, trouble-free Wireless Set.

5/- Monthly

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.3. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis; Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores; British Valves; Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, reliable 2-volt Accumulator; Long-life H.T. Battery; Full Vision Tuning Dial; Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid **£4.17.6**
Easy Payments 5/- Monthly. Cash.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. J. L. of Wallsend, writes:—"I received the S.3 Set quite safely and in good condition. I am surprised at the number of stations I can get. My friends cannot believe I am paying only 2d. a day. I have never seen a neater job."

Mr. E. J. of London S.E.25, writes:—"I received your S.3 on Monday. I had the Set fixed up within an hour, and it went splendidly. For tone and quality it is unsurpassed—and I've listened to a few sets. Everything is O.K."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other Sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

For Bargains—See Pages 2 & 3 and "Small Ads. worth Watching" on p. 16

Look to your Kidneys

"Every Picture tells a Story"

WHEN you have off days; back aching, head aching, muscles stiff and sore, and when the urine is disordered and your rest disturbed, strengthen the kidneys with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. Don't risk rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, and bladder weakness when this special kidney medicine can end your distress. Read Mrs. Goode's advice.

Two years of Suffering

Mrs. E. Goode, 277, Edward Street, Chilvers Coton, Nuneaton, says:—"Influenza upset the kidneys and caused two years of suffering. I had continual aching pains across the small of the back. I had headache and dizziness and there was gravel in the kidney excretions.

"I had made no progress until I used Doans Backache Kidney Pills. They soon made me feel bright and later made me feel quite well.

(*Signed*) E. Goode."

1/3, 3/-, 5/-, Insist upon

1/-; 2/-; 2/6; 5/-; 10/-; £1; £2; £5; £10

UP TO ANY AMOUNT ACCEPTED
In accordance with rules

LETTER COMMISSIONS
bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at
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THE SPORTSMAN'S
COMPLETE SERVICE
Racing and Greyhounds.

Please send particulars of your Service. I am over 21 years of age.

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C/O ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD
227 BATH ST GLASGOW C2

When I Was the VICTIM of GOSSIP

YEARS ago I was employed in a big office. One evening the manager and a director called at my home and accused me of stealing from the petty cash.

I denied the charge, but the director said the evidence was pretty conclusive, and that, while no proceedings would be taken against me, I should have to leave the firm's service.

The shock, I am sure, hastened my invalid father's end, for he was heart-broken to think that I could stoop so low.

Six months later I was reinstated, the real culprit having been found. It was she who covered herself by encouraging gossip that I needed the money for my invalid father.—*H. A., Kent.*

Resigned

As a Yorkshireman working in a London office, I had always boasted of my people and the little village where I came from.

One day a murder occurred in the village, and the man arrested and later convicted had the same name as I had. Newspaper reports said that he was the father of a large family.

Gossip was soon rife in my office that I was the son of a murderer. In the end I resigned, and now I never mention my home town.—*O. R. F., London.*

Terminated

The sudden failure, at a critical moment, of an engine room telegraph which I had recently repaired, led to the vessel on which I was electrician crashing into a dock gate, a mishap that had serious consequences.

Gossipers among the crew, knowing of my avowed and openly expressed dislike of the skipper's bullying tactics, broadcast the suggestion that the accident was engineered by me as an act of revenge.

This story eventually reached the captain's ears, and at our next port of call my seven years' service with the company was terminated.—*Seafarer, Barry.*

Dismissed

During the war I was put into prison as a conscientious objector.

After the cessation of hostilities I was released, my formerly robust constitution completely shattered by my confinement. I was fortunate enough to obtain a good job, and I took up the threads of ordinary life again.

One day, however, my employer, an old Army officer, called me into his room and dismissed me with the remark, "I want no yellow cowards in my office."

I had been the victim of gossiping tongues.—*Pacifist, Glasgow.*

Not Unfaithful

A soldier in uniform was seen leaving my flat at three o'clock in the morning. The silent witness was my husband's sister, who resided opposite.

Without asking for an explanation, she wrote to my husband in France, and shortly afterwards I received a letter from him, accusing me of being unfaithful.

A day later he was killed in action, believing me to have failed him as a wife. The soldier seen leaving my house was my brother, who was returning to the Front. He had broken his journey to spend a few hours with me.—*Widow, Bristol.*

Horror and Torment

"I would be better off if he were dead." Overwrought by the strain of continuous ill-treatment, I shouted this across the court, where my husband, for the third time in six months, was being charged with my assault.

Two years later he died suddenly from the effects of excessive drinking, and I paid dearly for my outburst.

Village gossips began to wag their vicious tongues, and before their accusations could be finally disproved I was forced to endure the horror and torment of a Home Office exhumation.—*Widow, Middlesex.*

Trade Declined

Told that for health reasons I must live in the country, I closed my chemist's shop in the city and opened another in a small town in the West Country.

At the start trade was good, but gradually it began to decline. Fewer and fewer prescriptions were brought to me to be made up, while my sales over the counter dropped to almost zero.

Eventually I discovered the reason. My name was the same as that of a chemist who had made a mistake which resulted in the death of a patient.

Gossip had spread the rumour that I was the same man, with the result that the business was ruined.—*Accurate, Norfolk.*

Taken Off Road

Several years ago I was the owner-driver of a village 'bus, and one evening I was unfortunate enough to fatally injure a young cyclist.

Four days elapsed before the inquest, and during that time gossip spread the rumour that I had been drinking while on duty. The allegation was based on the fact that I had been seen to enter the public-house at my destination, and that I left with my conductor in a very "merry" state.

At the inquest I explained that I had telephoned the hospital, to learn that my young son had passed the crisis of his illness, and although I was exonerated, the villagers simply refused to travel on my 'bus, and I had to take it off the road. —*T. Y., Colne Valley*

Serious Trouble

My shorthand-typist was about to sit for an important examination, which, if successfully passed, would enable her to undertake a higher sphere of duty, for which I knew she possessed excellent qualifications.

Her experience in respect of one particular section of the firm's business had, however, not been very great and, anxious that this drawback should not be the cause of her failure, I remained behind several evenings in order to give her special tuition.

Observant employees, scenting a supposed romance, started scandalising gossip which, on reaching the manager's ears, involved us both in serious trouble.—*Departmental Chief, Bath.*

Uncomfortable

I was only twenty-one when elected treasurer of a local society. Propaganda included public speaking, and I was asked to deputise for the president on a number of occasions. Some of the meetings were important, and eventually I obtained some renown as a speaker.

Unfortunately, another official became jealous, and through his position was able to circulate stories detrimental to my character. I resigned, but the electors were not satisfied, and an investigation was made. The official was exposed.

I was cleared, but having my name bandied about was an uncomfortable experience.—*Happy Again, Middlesbrough.*

Poor Reward

I was maid-of-all-work at a boarding-house. It was hard work, but I was happy with the old lady who kept it.

Then some articles were stolen, and gossip named me as the thief.

One day my employer told me I should have to leave. She strongly deprecated the gossip, she said, but boarders were her living. Her belief in my honesty was poor reward for the maliciousness of evil tongues.—*R. A., Birkenhead.*

Closely Guarded

Tom was all an attentive lover could be—young, handsome, and the son of a wealthy yeoman farmer.

But malicious tongues killed our love. His people heard whispers of my "goings-on," all baseless tales with no foundation, save my love of companionship.

Parental pressure weakened Tom, and we drifted. I now work in a town office, and when I go home every month I see his poor children—both mentally deficients. His family had kept their insanity taint a closely guarded secret. How glad I am now that I was gossip's victim! —*Jilted, Cambridge.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, July 21.

How I'd Use More Leisure

Race with "Silver Ring"

Thankerton

NO horse has had a more exacting preparation for the Eclipse Stakes than Thankerton and it was a wise plan on the part of his owner to miss a "gift" race at Nottingham recently.

Taken to Ripon Racecourse last Thursday with two stable companions, Stainforth, winner of the Cumberland Handicap, being one, he impressed the critics in a good stripped mile and a half gallop.

That Thankerton will run a good race I have no doubt, and I include Theft in that category, yet neither should beat "Lucky" Astor's Rhodes Scholar, who is better now than ever he has been.

For the Sandown Anniversary Cup on Saturday nothing makes stronger appeal than Montrose, despite his big burden.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, July 16, to Wednesday, July 22.

Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T F O A P U X
L H J I 95 E D W N 96 G S K V Y 97

In place of the letters or figures advertised in *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OK96UW would read SATYR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. FKZ2KO would read GALLAS.

SPECIAL INTEREST TO ALL

The well-known firm of Bolsom's, the House Furnishers, who have been consistent advertisers in "John Bull" for several years, have issued a superb catalogue in full colour and natural photography, illustrating a very comprehensive range of modern furniture for every room and every purpose. Their furniture has been inspected by "John Bull," and readers who are interested in furnishing, or re-furnishing, their home are recommended to send for a copy of this magnificent catalogue.

Mr. Bolsom wishes us to point out that the remarkable value offered is only possible by his firm's straightforward policy of selling furniture and furniture only. They offer nothing else but superlative value to induce customers to buy. Mr. Bolsom points out that no extras are added to the price of the furniture sold in his stores and he claims that this is the soundest method of selling.

Watch out for Bolsom's advertising in this paper or send now for catalogue to 40-44, Strand, W.C.2.

"PERM" YOUR OWN HAIR And SAVE Money!

No less a celebrity than Monsieur Antoine Fabre, one of the most famous Hairdressing artists living, has invented a simple method whereby **every lady can PERMANENTLY WAVE her own hair AT HOME without electricity or complicated mechanical contrivances—and at a fraction of the price normally charged.** The waves and curls it produces are entrancingly natural in effect and have all the abiding charm of those produced by the cleverest specialists for some of the greatest beauties and the richest ladies in the land!

Against all wave-spoiling conditions Fabre Waves remain deep and lovely. Foggy or Misty Weather, Damp Days or Shampooing—even Steam and Sea-bathing—cannot affect the lasting qualities. And every lady reader of this paper who writes to the address below is actually to be told WITHOUT COST OR OBLIGATION how this remarkable Hairdressing "Miracle" can be achieved!

"PERM" YOUR FRIENDS' HAIR And MAKE Money! READ THIS

Besides being a WONDERFUL PERSONAL ECONOMY, Monsieur Fabre's invention presents to all ladies the golden opportunity of following a Profitable MONEY-MAKING HOBBY.

For the Fabre Permanent Waving Outfit will last a lifetime and will enable you to wave the hair of your friends and members of your family as easily as you can do your own.

Indeed, when all who know you see the amazing, glorious 'Fabre' waves and curls in your own hair, you are likely to be inundated with requests to do theirs!! Thus the Fabre Outfit may actually earn you several pounds in a matter of a few weeks. And thus in your own hands would be the commencement of a lucrative business needing no capital outlay, no special premises and no large staff!

I WAVED MY OWN HAIR

"My hair was always straight and lifeless. I spent pounds on it! **Then Monsieur Fabre told me how to 'Perm' my own hair at home for practically nothing.** The result was amazing! Friends would not believe I had done it myself!

NOW I WAVE MY FRIENDS' HAIR

"But when I showed them the Fabre Outfit, they insisted that I wave their hair too. **I had no less than five friends ask me to do their hair last week.** Although I have only had Monsieur Fabre's Outfit six weeks or so, I am already pounds in pocket and building up a paying spare-time business."

READ WHAT DELIGHTED LADIES SAY

HAIR GORGEOUSLY WAVY AND CURLY

Dear Sir, Isle of Man.

I can assure you I fully appreciate the use of your Hair Waving Set. **It is a wonder. I have used it with great success**—my hair being gorgeously wavy and curly. I rarely wear a hat and, of course, wavy hair is a real blessing.

I used to dread wet days, but now I enjoy them, for my hair shrinks into lots of little curls which look more attractive than ever.

Thanking you. Yours truly,
(Miss) M. G.

WAVES STILL THE SAME IN SPITE OF WIND AND RAIN

Dear Sir, Surrey.

I cannot thank you enough for the Wonderful Waving Set. It is splendid. The waves are so natural, and in spite of wind and rain they are still the same. **The process, too, is as simple as one could wish it.**

Again thanking you for your great kindness.

Yours sincerely,
(Miss) P. D.

SEND AT ONCE FOR THIS FREE BOOK

So anxious is Monsieur Fabre that every lady should benefit from his wonderful invention that he has written this book, "Permanent Waving in the Home," wherein he tells "how it is done." This Book, which is FREE to every reader of this newspaper, is produced in bright colours and is beautifully illustrated with photographs showing the wonderful beauty of waved hair.

Do not fail to send AT ONCE and so learn FREE this amazing Money-Saving, Money-Making, Beauty-Bringing Secret! It solves your Hair-Waving Problems for life. It saves you the time and inconvenience of making appointments with hairdressers. It gives a real "PERM" at a fraction of the prices usually charged. Do not hesitate to accept Monsieur Fabre's magnificent offer INSTANTLY.

Please state whether Mrs., Miss, or Title.

WRITE AT ONCE TO -

MONSIEUR ANTOINE FABRE

(Dept. 27a), 39, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1

London & Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

23 YEAR OLD DOG

... amazing record of fitness

Mr. William Styles may well be proud of his dog Gyp. Born in 1913, Gyp has lived every minute of her long life. Ratting, rabbit-hunting, driving out badgers—nothing has ever been too much for her energy and pluck. And she has had many litters of fine puppies—the last when she was 18 years old!

NEVER A DAY'S ILLNESS

Gyp is now a hale and happy veteran. She has never yet had an illness, and even hot weather has never upset her, for Mr. Styles has always kept her regularly conditioned with Bob Martin's.

Mr. William Styles and Gyp at their home, Elm Farm, Lambton, Essex.

WHY GYP HAS KEPT SO FIT

A dog can be thoroughly fit only if he is helped to free himself from the impurities which periodically develop in his blood. He cannot rid himself of these impurities by perspiring because, as this diagram shows, a dog's skin (B) is non-porous, whereas in human skin (A) there are ducts which carry perspiration to the surface. Also your dog is denied the blood correctives found in certain wild grasses and herbage, for these are now beyond his reach. He therefore depends on you to keep him fit—by providing him regularly with the natural blood correctives which are contained in Bob Martin's Condition Powders.

Regular conditioning means that ... a year for your dog

Bob Martin's

3 times EVERY Saturday
3 times EVERY Sunday

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS FOR YOUR DOG

A thoroughly fit dog that not even hot weather can upset! You will soon be able to say this of your dog if you give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders. By purifying the blood, these famous powders quickly cure all blood disorders, such as listlessness, scratching, loss of appetite and eczema. And after your dog is cured, you will be glad to know of the one sure method by which you can *keep* him fit.

That method is regular conditioning, as originated by Mr. Bob Martin and recommended by breeders and fanciers for over 40 years. Begin this week-end to give your dog his Bob Martin's every Saturday and Sunday. You'll see a speedy end to all his ailments! He'll gain the lasting fitness that means a long and happy life, and you will be rewarded by many more years of cheery companionship from a real Old Faithful. And it need cost you so very little for you can buy Bob Martin's in 6d. packets of 9, or 1/- boxes of 21 powders, from all chemists and dog shops.

FREE SAMPLE. *Write, stating breed and age of dog, for free sample and "Bob Martin's Dog Book," to Bob Martin Ltd., 43, Union St., Southport, Lancs.*

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless a pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those a pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 3/-.

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21, 21½in. Racing Rims quick release Wing Nuts. Dunlop Sports Tyres. Coventry Chain. Lightweight Steel Handlebars. Dunlop Endrick Rims. Racing Pedals. Calliper Rear Brake. Brooks Spring Seat Saddle. 'Hold-all' Mud. Reflector and Accessories. Ladies' or Men's same price £4.10.0 or 6/- monthly. Catalogues Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc.

6/- NOW

Deposit and Easy Terms as desired.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

FASHION LIST

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Send a Post Card for this 104 page Catalogue of Fashions. Genuine money-saving values for every member of the family.

SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK GUARANTEED

WRITE NOW!

J. D. WILLIAMS & CO. LTD.

Dept. B.P. The Parade, Warrington MANCHESTER

PENSION FORTUNE and FREE HOLIDAYS OFFERED BY JOHN BULL!
Enjoy your holiday with a Crossword Cheque . . .
£6 EVERY MONTH FOR LIFE
with £400 cash and £50 HOLIDAY CHEQUE
. . . or £750 CASH
Who's next for a Crossword Holiday?
£150 HOLIDAY CASH BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP
BONUS AWARD
A Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest, for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in the same envelope.
value £2
UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award - TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5

BIG CASH PRIZES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 23 | SEE PAGE 25

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than Friday, July 24.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 4 Entry Forms (8 squares in all), and Entry Fee of 2s.

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Aug. 6. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, August 11 in accordance with the directions given with result, and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize and Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both across and down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should First Prize be shared, £750 cash will be paid instead of the Three-in-One Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

PRESENTED on this page is the twenty-sixth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—

The Editor of JOHN BULL:
Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A., and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit.

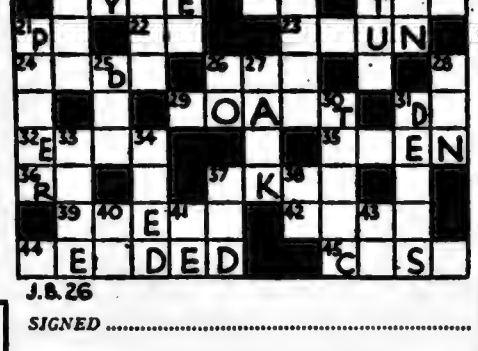
Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, August 6, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 26. Closing FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1936.

J.B.26



J.B.26

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

SIGNED .....

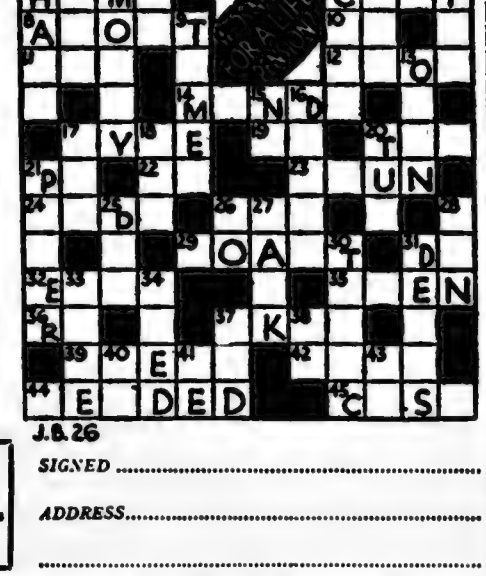
ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 26. Closing FRIDAY, JULY 24, 1936.

J.B.26



J.B.26

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. value..... No.....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

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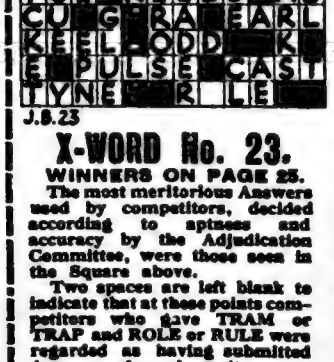


J.B.23

X-WORD No. 23.

WINNERS ON PAGE 25.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were those seen in the Square above.

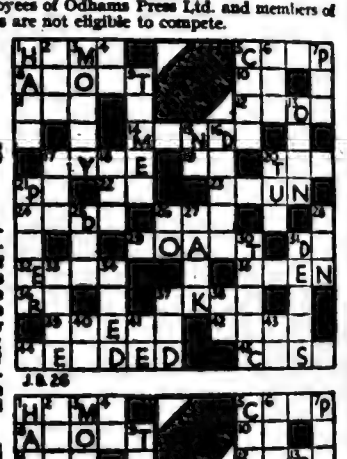
Two spaces are left blank to indicate that at these points competitors who gave TRAM or TRAP and ROLE or RULE were regarded as having submitted Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 23 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up and forwarding the coupon given below.

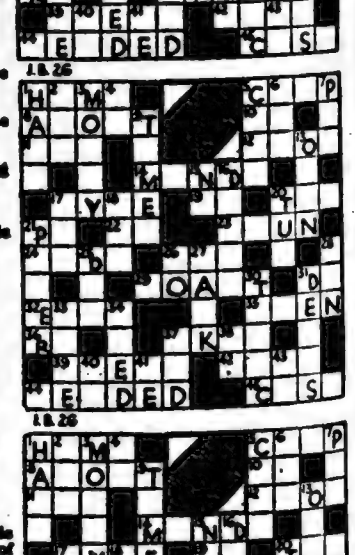
COPY SQUARES

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions and are not accepted as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED



J.B.26



J.B.26

J.B.26

CLUES ACROSS

1. There's no place like it
5. Commonly seen in cheap restaurant's dishes
8. Take a child as your own
10. Tale with no consonants
11. That crossword lion again
12. Gait faster than walk
14. Book often shows the result of several of these
17. Musical instrument that sounds false
19. Centre of gaol
20. You may welcome a cup of tea at this time
21. How picnic begins
22. Beginning and end of arms
23. What success may well do, to aspiring young author
24. Bookies lay these
26. Beer that ends stale
29. What seaside town specially advertises is its this
31. Found in dug-outs and dumps
32. Hens lay these
35. Neither shut nor ajar
36. Starts rapidly
37. Related to
39. Pattern on tyre's surface
42. For holding shop-keeper's cash
44. Gardener knows best when beds are this
45. Clever lawyer soon grasps the litigant's

CLUES DOWN

1. Road repairs often reduce traffic to this
2. Poem
3. Well describes a dreamy person
4. Keep the middle of kept
5. Black ones are considered lucky
6. You'll find her here
7. Your outlook will be black if you get in this
9. Modern ones have changed the look of public libraries
13. This scares quite a lot of people
15. Part of canal in China
16. Medicine is given in these
17. Saucepan cover
18. Nearly rash in rascal
20. A good one will wake you up
21. Clown has this to amuse the youngsters
25. May account for hole in garden
26. Ends of auto in chaos
27. It's no joke if this is serious
28. There's often danger in cowboy's
30. A pick-me-up
31. Shady ones often look most attractive
33. Barrier in Billingsgate
34. This grows quickly in experienced hands
37. You do this to get total
38. Just the thing in knitting
40. Conclusion of encore
41. One end of aeroplane
43. Interjection in play

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE: A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this competition's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "JOHN BULL." Should the First Prize be shared, the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

The Editor Laughs Last

CUE (York).—"There is no dirty work behind the scenes in billiards." No, everything is on the level.

Miss J. F. (Southampton).—"I met a wealthy egg merchant on the boat coming over." In the hatchway?

TRAINER (Newmarket).—"No living creature looks so sheepish as a skinny horse." What about a skinny sheep?

FARMER (Kent).—"My bull evidently doesn't like schoolboys. He's always making them climb trees." Apple trees?

G. P. (Huddersfield).—"People in love often develop a sixth sense." Just like other blind people.

MRS. H. (Orpington).—"My husband always talks in his sleep. What do you advise me to do?" Learn shorthand.

R. S. (Leicester).—"I am told that my musical compositions will be played when Beethoven and Wagner are forgotten." Perhaps, but not before.

GEORGE (Halifax).—"If you leave your watch in your bedroom, don't trouble to run up for it." No, wait a while and it will run down.

FILM ACTOR (Chelsea).—"I appear in a scene where the leading man arrives home drunk." So you are one of the supporting players?

R. H. (Worksop).—"The riding-master told me I should make an excellent horsewoman after he saw me mount." You got on well.

E. M. (Slough).—"It is pleasant to have an office boy who sings at his work." We would rather have one who doesn't make a song about it.

C. H. (Bramley).—"Window cleaners sometimes get a good week, but often poor weeks." Life contains a lot of ups and downs for them.

S. C. (Potters Bar).—"I was in the bath when the postman knocked, so I slipped on something and went downstairs." A piece of soap?

J. H. (Weedon).—"By profession I'm an acrobat, but in my spare time a prize-winning horticulturist." Do you grow upsy-daisies?

INDIGNANT (Leeds).—"I found a piece of cement in a cottage loaf I bought." Well, what did you expect for a few coppers—the whole cottage?

FASHION EXPERT (Regent Street).—"The woman with a large, muscular arm never wears sleeveless frocks." It is more than she can bare.

FRED (Charlton).—"When an impressionable youth is thrown over by a girl, what kind of measures does he usually take to forget her?" Gill measures.

FARMER (York).—"Quite a number of superstitions are attached to bulls." For instance, if a man gets directly in front of an angry one, he will shortly leave on a journey by air.

MRS. T. (Blackpool).—"I'm forming a novel ladies' cricket team composed of boarding-house landladies." Your scores will be helped considerably by "extras," no doubt.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

Betty (Deal).—"Don't you love to lounge on the beach and feel the spray?" Not always!

The cover illustration by Gilbert Wilkinson of "The Passing Show" on sale Friday.

T. E. (Sherborne).—"Milk is rattling good nourishment." Our early morning milkman supplies the rattling part.

B. L. (Exeter).—"I simply laughed when I was bowled first ball." It meant nothing to you!

TOMMY (Donnington).—"The farmer nearly fetched his gun and peppered me." He wanted to make things hot for you.

DOMINIE (St. Albans).—"Schoolboys have a knack of giving their masters suitable names." A "nick" knack then.

J. H. (Amersham).—"I slip away to my secret seaside haunt to escape my wife's relatives from Aberdeen." You spend a week-end Scot free.

MILITARY EXPERT (Aldershot).—"The wise sentry knows that if anybody moves he should shoot." And that if anybody shoots he should move!

X-WORDER (Dunfermline).—"It didn't take me ten seconds to find a five-letter word meaning splendid." That was great!

NOVICE (Goole).—"I had never been sailing before, and very nearly went overboard when I tripped over some cordage." You did not know the ropes?

F. G. (Goole).—"Beauty in a garden will get a man out even when he is tired." And the wife will get him in if the beauty is the neighbour's cheeky daughter.

SEASON TICKET (Hendon).—"Railway passengers have nobody to stand up for them." Unless they are young, feminine and pretty.

D. H. (Bromley).—"Where I am going for my holidays a gentle river flows between two hills, and I enjoy my swims." You find pleasure in the dip.

AMATEUR (Pembroke).—"The manager did not like my farmyard imitations at the audition, and brusquely ordered me to get on to something else." He told you to cut the cackle?

HUMANITARIAN (Felixstowe).—"It astounds me when I realise that two men will get into a ring and pound each other until one is insensible." It certainly is a knock-out

PROFESSIONAL (Kent).—"I think that if many beginners at golf confined themselves to one club at first they would learn much quicker." And only one drink at that one club, too!

D. L. (Newcastle).—"I know a bedding manufacturer who was very depressed when, on his wedding-eve, his workmen bound him and stuffed feathers between his lips." We can quite understand him feeling down in the mouth.

C. H. (Bayswater).—"I use a sporting dog to illustrate my lectures." A pointer?

D. D. (Hendon).—"I like best a smoke in a tube." We like an occasional cigarette, too.

M. E. A. (Ripley).—"I wouldn't sell a strip of my garden for £1,000." You value it too highly.

MRS. S. (Luton).—"What is a synonym?" A word you use when you can't spell the other one.

MISS E. (Chester).—"How far from the ground should the modern girl's frocks be?" A little over two feet.

J. E. F. (New Malden).—"I always make my little boy wear cotton-wool in his ears when playing in the garden." So you live near the golf course, do you?

C. V. (Leicester).—"There are towns where the stranger is not encouraged to settle down." But none where the stranger is not encouraged to settle up.

G. G. (Newmarket).—"When grooming a horse care should be taken not to annoy the animal." Make sure you don't rub it up the wrong way.

B. G. (Alresford).—"What would you think of a man who presented every boy in the village with a catapult?" That he was in the glazing business.

J. C. K. (Peterboro').—"I have worked under the same boss for nearly twenty-five years now." So you'll soon be celebrating your silver wedding?

DOCTOR (Liverpool).—"I am convinced that most men leave jail much healthier than when they enter it." Time is a great healer.

JACK (Riverhead).—"The express on which I travelled carried no fewer than fifty distinguished men of letters." Ah! a train of thought.

B. O. (Norwich).—"Because my wife insisted that we go on the river, I bought a motor boat, but I would not buy a rowing boat." You are the sort of man that hates a row!

T. C. O. (Battersea).—"I believe in seeing things for myself." Then you would enjoy inspecting the *Queen Mary* as a passenger and New York as a visitor, whilst on your free holiday there as *Bullets* £500 winner. See page 39.

S. J. (Hawick).—"He told me with a great deal of sarcasm that my roses were a failure because I didn't prune my bushes severely enough." You found his remarks cutting enough.

VERA T. (Epping).—"At the theatre the other evening I very much resented the remarks of a woman sitting behind me about my untidy hair." You felt they were out of place.

H. P. (Bude).—"My husband who lost his memory during the war had it suddenly restored when the house was struck by lightning." It came back to him in a flash.

BUSINESS MAN (E.C.).—"If I were declared bankrupt to-morrow my nerves would give way and I should yell for all I was worth." They wouldn't hear you in that case.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side Slips."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"The committee has no desire that clubs should be compelled to play on in BED weather."

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE:—"He was stern, yet always just to a criminal, and his sentences were nicely adjusted to the CLIME."

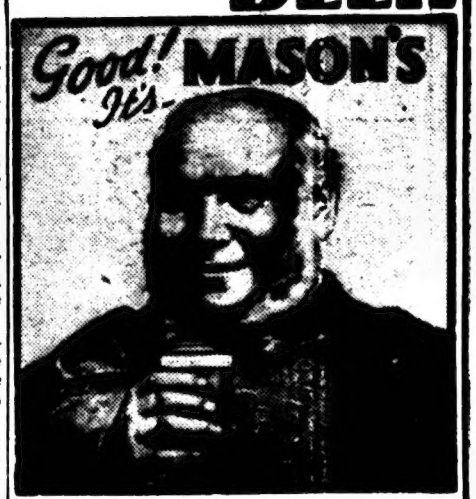
SURREY MIRROR AND COUNTY POST:—"One Room To Let. Unfurnished. ALSO LODGER."

THE WINDSOR, SLOUGH AND ETON EXPRESS:—"Caretaker Wanted, duties to SEG about 1st August, 1936 . . ."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—". . . he had used money stolen from two hospital collecting BORES in order to get his suit out of pawn."

HUDDERSFIELD DAILY EXAMINER:—"The batsmen continued their run-getting at a steady pace. Fifty runs were scored in as many INNINGS."

MASON'S BOTANIC BEER



Save Farmer Hayseed.

Brew this health-giving drink yourself for less than ONE PENNY PER PINT

Pleasantly surprise your friends with the rich, full flavour of Mason's. You can safely offer it to all, it is strong yet non-intoxicating, a drink and a beverage. Mason's costs only 9d. bottle from Grocer or Chemist. Send for sample.

MASON'S Extract of Herbs

COUPON

To NEWBALL & MASON Ltd., Nottingham.
Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast to make 1 gal. of Mason's Botanic Beer, with name of nearest retailer. I enclose 4d. for postage, etc.
Name & Address in Block Letters .....
Dept. 20

WHY WE GET INDIGESTION

When you suffer pain after eating, the trouble almost certainly arises from excess acid. This acid is attacking the stomach, making food ferment and causing distension, inflammation and pain. Unless promptly counteracted it may develop into serious stomach trouble and even gastric ulcers.

The only way of banishing digestive trouble is to neutralise this excess acid, and this is most quickly and surely done by taking after meals a little 'BISURATED' MAGNESIA (powder or tablets), costing only 1/3 a bottle. 'Bisurated' Magnesia contains special ingredients which have been proved by recent X-ray experiments to be the quickest-acting and most effective known to medical science. With your first dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia all trace of excess acid is instantly neutralised, fermentation stops, and the pain is gone! Before you have finished your first bottle, normal digestion is restored.

Note: The new handy pocket tin of 'Bisurated' Magnesia tablets costs only 6d.

Dr. Wernet's Powder For FALSE TEETH

A Joy To All Users

Cannot Slip or Slide

Sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder and you won't have to think about your false teeth all day long. Joyous comfort is yours. Eat anything you want—it holds plates firmly in place—they positively cannot slip or slide. Forms protective cushion for sensitive gums. Leaves no coloured, gummy substance—keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant. Prescribed by world's most noted dentists. The cost is small—the comfort great. Sold by Chemists everywhere.

YADIL WAY TO HEALTH

YADIL, the famous garlic remedy, has achieved remarkable success in cases of Chest, Lung, Digestive and Rheumatic complaints. If you would know how YADIL, the safe internal antiseptic, can help you to be really well, send for the free YADIL Health Book.

YADIL Write now for Free Copy YADIL HEALTH BOOK.

1/3 and larger from Chemists. Or direct from YADIL (1935), LTD. (Dept. J.B.), Springfield, London, E.5.

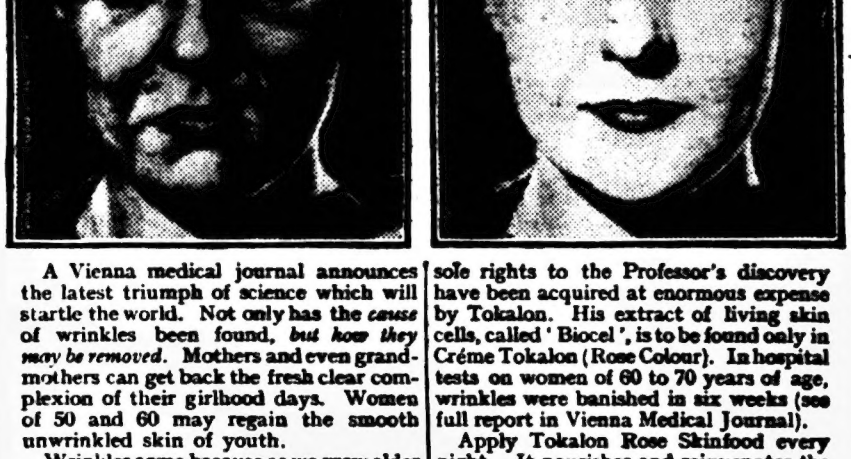
No More Grey Hair

If grey hairs are beginning to show, think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, clean.—SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. B. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN

BRITISH OWNED & MADE EXTRACT

Doctor's Amazing Discovery
Brings Back Youth
To Faded Wrinkled Skins



A Vienna medical journal announces the latest triumph of science which will startle the world. Not only has the *cause* of wrinkles been found, *but how they may be removed.* Mothers and even grandmothers can get back the fresh clear complexion of their girlhood days. Women of 50 and 60 may regain the smooth unwrinkled skin of youth.

Wrinkles come because as we grow older the skin loses certain vital nourishing elements. These elements are now obtained from carefully selected young animals. When fed back to the human skin they make it fresh and young again. These are the astounding results of research made at the University of Vienna under the leadership of Prof. Dr. Stejskal. The sole rights to the Professor's discovery have been acquired at enormous expense by Tokalon. His extract of living skin cells, called 'Biocel', is to be found only in Crême Tokalon (Rose Colour). In hospital tests on women of 60 to 70 years of age, wrinkles were banished in six weeks (see full report in Vienna Medical Journal).

Apply Tokalon Rose Skinfood every night. It nourishes and rejuvenates the skin while you sleep. Wrinkles quickly disappear. In a few weeks you will look years younger. Use Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (non-greasy) during the day. Dissolves away blackheads; tightens up enlarged pores; makes darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

FREE to DOG LOVERS!

Special Sample of Bob Martin's Dog Powders and copy of Bob Martin's Dog Book. Simply write Bob Martin Ltd., 42, Union St., Southport, Lancs.

See page 35.

Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy Skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Sis-tex). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

A WONDERFUL NEW COOKERY BOOK

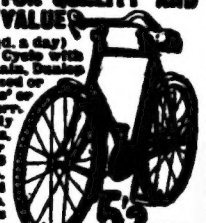
A WONDERFUL free Cookery Book. This new standard reference book, containing 120 good "family recipes," is yours free. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The British Commercial Gas Association (Dept. 9), 28, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1, for a copy. Every housewife and cook should get this valuable reference book for all favourite dishes, with the easiest and best way of doing them.

Painful PILES
Eased in 5 minutes

Within five minutes of the first application of 'Nemolin' Ointment you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished, whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

8/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Brooks Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 8/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £5:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogues Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.



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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

RHEUMATISM
NEEDLESS SUFFERING

"Uracc brand tablets have relieved my rheumatism more than anything I have tried."—Nurse ....., Chesterfield. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 23.

YOU, TOO, can enjoy THIS WONDER VOYAGE!

In these vivid extracts from his diary, Mr. H. F. Ellis, New Earswick, York, describes the thrills of the "Queen Mary" voyage and free New York holiday which were part of his "Bullets" First Prize.

Besides a 6,000-mile "Queen Mary" voyage and free holiday in New York for Two, JOHN BULL will present this week's First Prize-winner with £50 for pocket-money in addition to a £500 fortune.

* * *

MAY 27. What a ship it was! Words cannot describe my feelings as I gazed upon the veritable "Floating Palace" in which we were to sail to New York. We first found our cabin and then made our way up on deck.

A few more minutes and, to the strains of the Marine Band playing "Rule Britannia," the *Queen Mary* was started on her first crossing of the Atlantic. And weren't we proud to be numbered amongst her passengers!

May 28. We rose early and strolled round the decks before breakfast.

Sitting in deck-chairs after lunch, we amused ourselves watching the many deck games being played around us. Half-way through the afternoon I visited the gymnasium—electrically equipped with the most up-to-date contrivances for getting fit—and then enjoyed a wonderful swim. Meanwhile, Mrs. Ellis lazed in her deck-chair, reading and chatting to fellow passengers. Everyone was very pleasant, so we found it easy to make friends.

After dinner another exploration of the ship, visiting the shops, chatting awhile in the smoking-room, then an hour at the cinema and dancing until after midnight wound up a glorious and full day.

June 1. Planes that had come well out to sea to greet us swooped, dived and dipped their wings in salute. Steamers, their decks crowded with waving and cheering people, blared out their sirens. It seemed as though all New York had turned out to greet us, presenting a sight few of us on board will ever forget.

June 2. Our guide called for us at our hotel and we enjoyed a six-hour tour of Greater New York by private car.

Dinner at Hollywood night club, where we witnessed a most spectacular cabaret. Midnight found us walking down Broadway, packed with a seething mass of people hurrying to begin their night's pleasure.

June 3. Toured National Broadcasting Company's Studios in the Rockefeller Center, where we witnessed rehearsals and one actual Broadcast.

June 4. A wonderful view of New York from the top of the Empire State Building. A visit to the Radio City Music Hall—the world's largest indoor theatre—where we saw a full programme.

June 5. We rose early and re-embarked on the *Queen Mary*. Leaving New York in beautiful weather, with thousands of people lining the pier, we sailed down the river towards the open sea accompanied by hundreds of small craft, which emphasised the size and majesty of our great ship.

June 6. Morning lazing on after deck, in between times participating in deck games. Lunch and afterwards a grand swim in the pool. After dinner—"horse-racing," chat in smoking-room.

June 10. Woke up to find fog. Ship going very slowly, for we are very near Cherbourg. Fog lifted towards mid-day and we remained on deck until reaching Southampton—and home.

Now turn to the Examples and win your huge "Queen Mary" Prize!

HIS £500 HOLIDAY SURPRISE

Fancy arriving at your holiday lodgings and finding news of a £500 fortune awaiting you! That is what recently happened to Mr. C. Ullyatt, Ashlawn, Billinghay, near Lincoln. When he rang the bell at 31, Barwick Street, Scarborough, the landlady, Miss Glew, handed him a golden Joy Wire, in which were JOHN BULL'S congratulations on capturing our 1,033rd *Bullets* First Prize!

Local readers will be able to see Mr. Ullyatt's original cheque displayed in the window of Mr. Croft, newsagent, Burton Road, Lincoln.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,034

First Prize, £500, plus flight with Mrs. Mollison as announced

E. PEARCE, 81, Bellingdon Road, Chesham, Bucks.

Example: LOOK ABOUT YOU AND
Bullet: SEE "UNSEEN" IN SCENE!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

Mrs. J. BARLOW, 15, Maple Avenue, Haslingden, Rossendale.
Example: Leaving Mother
Bullet: Hastened Mother's "Leaving" Us.

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

E. K. FRASER, 4, Ayr Street, Glasgow.
Example: The Services
Bullet: Brightened—Vicar Got "Recruits."

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: W. H. NAGINGTON, 22, Hill Row, Soho Street, Smethwick.
Millionaire's Holiday—*Costs* What Mine's *Worth.*

£18: F. C. ORBELL, 5, Moulton Cotts., Newmarket, Suffolk.
Breakers—Of Recruiting, The "Broken."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£16: A. E. TALBOT, 16, Aldborough Road, Seven Kings, Essex.
Rubbed The Wrong Way—Fido, Since Baby Arrived!

£14: J. W. MACINNES, 83, Bessingby Road, Ruislip.
Golden Key—Ambition—Rusts "On Velvet."

£12: I. W. GILL, 1, Ash Grove, Eastbourne Street, Hessle Road, Hull.
Seaside Idiot—Feigned Drowning—Friend Drowned.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£10: W. GILLETT, 85, St. Bernards Road, East Ham, E.
Faithful Hound—Misfortune, While You "Whine."

£9 10s.: R. G. HOLLOWAY, 167, Tynypare Road, Whitchurch, Glam.
Uproar In The Boarding-house—Tubbing Boarder, Bedding Tauber!

£9: C. J. HEAPES, 8, Castlegreina Park, Boreenmana Road, Cork.
Millionaire's Holiday—Sonny's—Sands, Sun, Sixpence!

£8 10s.: Mrs. E. F. MILLER, 193, Dorset Road, Merton Park, S.W.
This August—My Consolation, *Window-box* "Packed."

£8: E. CLEAVER, 348, Fulwood Road, Sheffield.
Maddening—Each Other, Roads' "Lunatics."

£7 10s.: A. O. FOSTER, 73, Edward Street, Birmingham.
Auntie's Car—Two In—In Two!

£7: Mrs. E. HART, 16, Langthorne Crescent, Grays, Essex.
From The Garden—*Goat's* "Sword" Drove Me.

£6 10s.: E. D. VESEY, 7, Park View Gardens, Grays, Essex.
Auntie's Car—"Leaves Garage"—And Doesn't!

£6: R. ANDERSON, 246, Wallace Street, Falkirk.
Hard Pillow—But I *Sleep*, Millionaire!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£5 10s.: N. J. FISHLOCK, 86, Hartley Down, Purley, Surrey.
Talkative Woman—"Talkative" Doesn't Say Enough!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£5: L. A. DAVIES, Manor Cott., St. Issey, Cornwall.
What Father Wears—Gardening, Would Grow Potatoes!

£4 10s.: E. NORTON, 1, Bletchley Road, Woburn Sands, Bucks.
A Deserter—Romances, Now She's "Sergeant-Major."

£4: S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.
Hard Pillow—Landlady *Didn't* Possess, Conscience

A list of 30 25s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

SAIL FOR THIS WONDER HOLIDAY IN R.M.S. "QUEEN MARY"!

GIANT 3-IN-1 "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE

TRIP TO NEW YORK AND BACK FOR TWO IN "QUEEN MARY"

with £50 FOR EXPENSES

And £500 Cash

50 OTHER FINE HOLIDAY CHEQUES

£50 | £25 | £20 | £18

£16 | £14 | £12 | £10 | £9

£8 | £7 | £6 | 6 of £5

10 of £4 | 10 of £3 | 12 of £2.10s.

3,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS" | 6,000 "STAR TARGETS"

500 PRIZES OF 2/6 EACH ACCOMPANIED BY A UNIQUE "QUEEN MARY" SOUVENIR. Specially prepared for "Bullets" competitors and bearing an actual autograph which doubles its value to every Bulletist

OVER £1,250 CASH offered to World Cruise entrants. All users of £10 Holiday Bonus Coupon in Competition No. 1,035 are reminded that with any prize from £5 upwards this week "John Bull" will present them with an additional £10 Holiday Cheque.

YOUR 6,000-MILE VOYAGE AT "JOHN BULL'S" EXPENSE . . .
The same type of luxurious accommodation enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Ellis in R.M.S. "Queen Mary" now awaits you. And your stay in New York will be at the palatial NEW YORKER HOTEL. sightseeing excursions in America's amazing capital being also provided for you by "John Bull."
Your Home on the Ocean
Your Home in New York

HUGE ONE-WEEK "QUEEN MARY" PRIZE AND 50 HOLIDAY CHEQUES!

SIX thousand miles of luxury travel in the world's finest liner, a glorious holiday in New York at JOHN BULL'S expense, £500 to spend as pocket-money and £500 to put in the bank—that is the magnificent 3-in-1 First heading the long list of *Bullets* Holiday Prizes announced to-day.

As this week's £500 First Prize-winner you will be entitled to a Wonder Voyage to New York and back in the *Queen Mary* for two, exactly similar to that recently enjoyed by Mr. H. F. Ellis, 39, Hawthorn Terrace, New Earswick, York. Read this young grocer's account of his thrilling *Queen Mary* adventure on the opposite page and then make up your mind that the next *Bullets* winner to sail in the giant new Cunarder will be *you*.

Besides a fine array of bumper Holiday Cheques supporting the 3-in-1 *Queen Mary* First Prize, you will find included in this seasonable prize-list 500 unique *Queen Mary* souvenirs of special interest to competitors.

HOW TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, read through the *Examples* and jot down all the rough ideas any of them suggest to your mind.

A *Bullet*, remember, must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, neatly linked to the *Example* chosen, so your next step is to condense and polish these rough ideas into finished *Bullets*.

For instance, against the *Example*, PROPPED UP, your first jotting might be *In Bed, Grandpa—But Still Arguing*. From that simple idea you could readily produce the finished *Bullet*, PROPPED UP—GRANDPA—BUT "FLATTENS" OPPOSITION.

Before starting on your own efforts, study the good points of the successful efforts in our 1,034th Contest on the opposite page. Then start on your own efforts to win that fine First or any of this Contest's splendid Holiday Prizes, remembering that your entry *must* be in by Saturday, July 25.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

HUMANITY'S TEST
IN DISGRACE
AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES
HOME OF LIBERTY
HOLDING HER OWN
THIRST FOR POWER
GENEVA'S MISTAKE
STUNG
TURNED THE TABLES
LIKE A DONKEY
HARD LABOUR
"GUILTY!"
SAID SONNY TO DAD
OUT OF THE PICTURE
FATHER'S BEANS
PROPPED UP
HE'S A COWARD, SO
COMING OUT
UNEQUAL STRUGGLE
TOO MANY GIRLS
MADE THE NIGHT HIDEOUS
WATERTIGHT
DRIVING HOME
WHEN THE CAR WOULDN'T GO
FALL IN PRICES
PROFITS NOBODY
TANNED
IN THE RUNNING
WHAT THE SPORTSMAN SAID
IF HE GETS OFF
NO JUDGE
SHARKS
QUIET EVENING
BIG FAMILY
HEAD OF THE FIRM
APPROACHING A CRISIS

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,033 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Croft, Newsagent, Burton Road, Lincoln.

NEWSAGENTS PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,037 usually purchase "John Bull."

ACCEPT 48 FREE PAGES of help with "BULLETS" and "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORDS USE THIS COUPON

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL'S" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,037) Closing SAT., July 25. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,037) Closing SAT., July 25. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,037) Closing SAT., July 25. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,037) Closing SAT., July 25. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,037) Closing SAT., July 25. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d | Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,037, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

If YOU Suffer From

HEADACHES

These are mostly caused by Nervousness, Liver Trouble, Disordered Stomach, Excitement, Worry or a general Run-Down condition. In most cases the throbbing pain and the unendurable "tightness" of scalp and temples can be relieved in a few minutes by **Yeast-Vite Tablets**, which not only soothe the nerves, but remove the cause of the trouble, thus giving permanent benefit.

BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS

together with **Dizziness, Heaviness, Depression, "Blues," Offensive Breath, Lack of Energy, Buzzing Head, Irritable Temper,** and the many symptoms of Functional Disorder, are quickly relieved by **Yeast-Vite Tablets.** They cleanse the Blood Stream, Regulate the Stomach and Bowels and rapidly promote harmonious working amongst the bodily functions.

SLEEPLESSNESS

The curse of the Worried, Run-Down, Overworked or Pain-Racked. One of the most dreadful afflictions known, Insomnia responds most readily to the wonderful soothing action of **Yeast-Vite Tablets.** Their nourishing effect on the Nerves and Brain Cells, together with their powerful **Regulating** action on the system as a whole, induces Refreshing, Natural Sleep.

LIVER, KIDNEYS, LUMBAGO

Here again, Heaviness, Depression, Irritable Temper, etc., are common symptoms, together with **black specks before the vision,** and in the case of **Lumbago or Backache** a terrible continuous Aching round the loins and the base of the spine. **Yeast-Vite Tablets** act directly on the Liver and Kidneys (through the blood stream), and dispel the disagreeable symptoms, producing a feeling of Exhilaration and Vigorous Energy.

BOILS, PIMPLES, ECZEMA

For years Yeast has been the standard medicine for purifying the blood. Most skin troubles are due to blood impurity, because the poisons lodged in the system break through the skin, causing eruptions, both painful and unsightly. **Yeast-Vite Tablets,** which are made from a special culture, dried by a special process so as to retain all its Vitamins, and mixed with other valuable ingredients, enable small quantities in a concentrated form to give relief in a pleasant and effective way.

INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE

That "full," uncomfortable feeling in stomach after eating with its symptoms of Heartburn, Palpitation, etc., is speedily relieved by **Yeast-Vite.** A quick return to Eager, Healthy Appetite is the invariable result of taking **Yeast-Vite Tablets.**

NERVES RUN-DOWN

Nervousness is more pronounced when the system is generally Run-Down, and only a Tonic that is a powerful nutrient and nerve food will be effective. **Yeast-Vite Tablets** are particularly powerful in their stimulating effect, as they clear the blood of all waste matter, and help to produce a healthy condition of the entire system. They "feed" the starved nerves, and soothe away nerve pains as if by magic. Vitamin "B," of which **Yeast-Vite Tablets** contain a very high percentage, is held by leading Scientists and Physicians to be the best Nerve Stimulant.

ANÆMIA

In thousands of cases of Anæmia, Malnutrition, etc., especially in girls in their teens, **Yeast-Vite Tablets** cannot be improved upon. They assist in making rich, pure blood and well-nourished nerves, and bring rapid relief from the "thumping" headaches and other pains usually associated with this condition.

OVERWORK, WORRY

We cannot suggest that **Yeast-Vite Tablets** are a "cure" for Overwork or Worry, but it is certainly amazing to find so many cases where the after-effects of these conditions have been quickly and permanently relieved. The Buoyant, Exhilarating feeling experienced helps considerably the Mental Health of the sufferer, which is more than half the battle.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA

Yeast-Vite Tablets have been proved in thousands of cases to be of the utmost value in cases of **Cramp, Toothache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, etc.**

N.B.—To gain the fullest benefit from Yeast-Vite Tablets, they should be followed by a glass of water.

Accept This Great Health Offer To-day

NO CURE NO PAY

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair Dealing Offer ever made to the British public. For your health's sake accept it TO-DAY.

OUR OFFER

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Brand Tonic Tablets, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

Yeast-Vite Brand

Tonic Tablets, Sold Everywhere, 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

T.C.B.

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